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At the close of the last Financial Year the Sum is £2,500,000 Assured, including Bonus added, amounted to £2,500,000 The Premium Fund to more than £60,000. And the Annual Income from the same source to £105,000. Insurances, without participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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	s. d.
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Sums under 5s. may be sent in postage stamps; larger sums by post-office order, payable to Mr. JOHN CROCKFORD, at the Strand Post-office.

CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings 39

History:—The Census of Great Britain in 1851 60

Notices of Small Books 61

Biography:—Life of Rev. Richard Cameron 61

Voyages and Travels:—The Druses of the Lebanon 63

Education:—Breton's Guide to the French Language 63

A Practical System of Algebra 63

Poetry and the Drama:—Janas, Lake Sonnets, &c. 64

Sonnets on the War 64

Notices of Small Books 64

Miscellaneous:—The Romance of the Forum 64

Notices of Small Books 65

FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c.:—The Critic Abroad 65

France:—Les Petits France 66

Restaurants in Paris 66

French Life and Society 66

Little Trades of Paris 66

The Griottes of Paris 66

The Comedians of Paris 66

From our own Correspondent 66

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—Archaeological Science:—Summary 66

Popular Medicine:—The New and Gossip of the Medical World 71

Art and Artists:—The Photographic Society's Second Exhibition 72

Christ bearing the Cross 72

Portrait of Samuel Rogers 72

Engravings of the War 72

Talk of the Studios 72

Music and Musicians:—The Fortnight 72

Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat 74

Literary News 74

Domestic and Public Amusements 75

Correspondence 75

Lists of New Books 76

Obituary 76

Advertisements 57, 58, 77, 78, 79, 80

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN APPEAL.—In answer to the appeal made in our last on behalf of a gentleman whose eminent literary labours have been suspended by disease, we have to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscription:

	£.	s.
F. G. T.	...	1 6
T. C. E.	...	0 10
W. N.	...	1 1
W. Akerman (Shrewsbury)	...	1 0
Amicus	...	1 0
H. E. Allen (Kingstown)	...	0 10

Cordially thank these contributors for what they have done, we venture to express a hope that this will lead to greater results, such as may enable the friends of this gentleman to carry into effect some arrangement for his benefit. Among other plans for doing this effectually, the purchase of an annuity suggests itself; but, in order that this may be carried out, it will, of course, be necessary to collect a considerable sum of money. For the information of our readers, we repeat that all necessary particulars as to this distressing case may be ascertained upon inquiry by letter.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The political din, now added to the warlike and other dins with which the public ear has been stunned, only makes confusion more confounded, and renders the nation still less disposed to attend to anything or anybody that does not bear a direct reference to the present crisis of affairs. A busy man is a bad student: he that runs may read, but never he that fights; and at this moment the meanest and most ungrammatical speech ever delivered in the House of Commons (and that is saying a great deal), has a wider and more important significance in the national estimation than the greatest work that ever was accomplished by human understanding.

Rather an event of political than of literary significance was the annual tea-party, at which the Members for Manchester are accustomed to receive the ovations of their constituents; still there were some crumbs of literary matter let fall, which we cannot pass by without comment. In the first place, Mr. BRIGHT (who seems to be staking his reputation with that frantic carelessness which some men mistake for courage) made a fierce onslaught upon the morality of the press in general and of the *Daily News* in particular—"a paper (said he), whose proprietors I have seen in the League Council Room *begging like cripples for our money to maintain that journal*, promising to defend and advocate the principles of the Manchester School." But Mr. BRIGHT neglected to add (what is the fact) that the League did support that journal with its money, and that Mr. BRIGHT got full interest for his share in the transaction, by being permitted to go to the printing-office of an evening to correct the proofs of his own speeches: a privilege probably awarded to him as much through courtesy as anything else; but which has evidently been misconstrued by him so far as to inspire him with contempt for the instrument of which he made use. We can only say, that, if journals will put themselves thus much in the power of an arrogant, semi-popularity-pride politician, they deserve all the contumely with which he repays them. To illustrate the opinions prevalent among public men of a certain class, with respect to newspapers and the individuals engaged upon them, it may be mentioned, that Mr. JOSEPH HUME (with true Scotch liberality) once tendered a reporter *half-a-crown* as an inducement to report his speech at full length. The other literary incident at the Manchester Soirée was Mr. COBDEN's covert fling at CARLYLE and the memory of CROMWELL. Referring to the latter (why, it is not very clear; unless out of natural antipathy to his emphatically protectionist policy), Mr. COBDEN "hoped that *crotchety philosophers* would never be able to give him the fame they claimed for him, and which the instinct of the masses of the people had refused to him." This is not true. The masses of the people have ever revered and respected CROMWELL. Who dug up his bones and dragged them ignominiously through the streets? The aristocracy. Who held his name in contempt, and covered it with a mass of filth and falsehood, until it was scarcely legible as that of the man who saved England in a great and terrible crisis? The aristocracy. Who denied him an effigy upon the walls of that House which he purified by his stern sense of honesty? Again, the aristocracy? And who cried aloud against the injustice, and declared that CROMWELL was a true ruler of men, but the great "masses of the people?"

Mr. BRIGHT's abuse of the *Daily News* brings us by a very natural transition to the disclosure made by the work called "My Courtship and its Consequences," about which so much has been talked and written. From this it appears that Lord PALMERSTON, through the medium of Mr. Under-Secretary ADDINGTON, employed an Americo-Russian-half-agent, half spy, and all blackguard—"to make known clearly, and through the medium of the French and United States' press, the liberal, and especially the pacific, character of the policy of her Majesty's Government." After the disclosures in BARNUM's *Autobiography*, we must confess that we are prepared to hear of any amount of dishonesty being possible upon the American press, because there the exposure of a swindle is only regarded as evidence of "cuteness," and rather adds to than depreciates

the character of its originator; but that such arrangements can be made with the French press we utterly and unreservedly disbelieve. After all, the commercial test is the best in these matters. Is the journal worth bribing? If so, it must be a valuable property. If so, what bribe would be a sufficient insurance against the certain destruction which would follow exposure? Tested by this rule, and apart from all abstract considerations of honesty and public duty, it will generally be found that only worthless journals are open to bribery.

It is an old observation, that so long as there are fools there will be knaves; and nothing illustrates it better than the thriving trade which the manufacturers of pseudo works of art and articles of *virtu* contrive to carry on. The *Athenaeum Francaise* exposes a fraud perpetrated by a Greek, who has been offering Greek manuscripts for sale in Paris and London. This clever rogue, who seems to be a very able palaeographer, pretends to have in his possession forty-seven comedies of MENAXER, the whole dramatic works of SOPHOCLES, the comedies of PHILEMON, the dictionary of CHERENXON, and a catalogue of the Alexandrian Library, in seven volumes folio. Upon close examination, all the specimens which have been submitted to competent Hellenists have been pronounced to be forgeries; but this pedlar of paleographic treasures has the art to offer his wares to none but *dilettanti*, too ignorant to detect the fraud, and too conceited to seek competent advice. Another fraud of a similar kind has caused amusement in Paris. This was no other than the fabrication of an *Egyptian obelisk*; hieroglyphics quite perfect—but pronounced upon examination to have been made by a mason in the faubourg. The unfortunate purchaser brought an action against the swindler, and got a judgment for his money back again; but the man who was clever enough to forge an obelisk was not fool enough to stay till he was caught, and the poor virtuoso has nothing but his judgment to console him. This beats the Antiquary's discovery of the great Roman camp, and Eddie Ochiltree's matter-of-fact comment: "I mind the biggin o't."

After broken promises and hope long deferred, it is announced, and very generally believed, that the doom of the newspaper stamp is sealed. The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY having moved for a Committee of the House of Commons to consider the laws relating to the Newspaper Stamp Act, the repeal of the laws is predicted as the result. The groundwork of the alteration, as proposed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, is said to be as follows:—*All the existing laws in relation to the press will be repealed*—as well those which relate to stamping as those which relate to registration and securities. It will then be provided that not only newspapers, but any printed single publication of any kind, not exceeding four ounces in weight, shall pass through the post-office, either with an impressed stamp, as at present, or with an ordinary postage-head; with this difference, however, that the postage-stamp will only frank the publication once, while the impressed stamp will carry it through the post-office any number of times within the limit of seven days after publication. The beauty of this amendment of the law is its extreme simplicity. Instead of patching and boggling up an inconvenience, it will simply be abolished; and all questions as to the constructions of Acts with reference to Newspapers will be answered by the simple fact that they are no longer in force. The practical effect will be to place a newspaper in precisely the same position as any other publication; extending to all publications within a certain weight such postal conveniences as may facilitate their transmission about the country. Nothing is said about copyright; and we are a little surprised at this, as it was understood that therein lay the Gordian knot, which Chancellors of the Exchequer found it so impossible to cut. It were obviously unjust if a piece of information obtained by a leading journal at great cost, and by the exercise of its individual influence, should be available for the use of a penny paper immediately after its appearance in print. It was proposed to remedy this by giving a copyright of forty-eight hours to all special intelligence; laying upon the defendant in any action the onus of proving that the intelligence was not special or exclusive. Perhaps it may be argued that, in the absence of any express provision, the copyright in news will be the same as the copyright in the matter contained in a book. If so, we cannot help thinking that many difficulties will arise in distinguishing between news so special as to have been the exclusive property of one paper or its agent, and that which might be notorious to the world. One of two evils may certainly arise for want of a previous understanding as to copyright; either the cheap papers may act unfairly by the great journals, by using their materials and then underselling them; or the great journals may oppress the cheap papers by a series of expensive law-suits, more terrible to men of small capital than even the present system at Somerset-house.

The decision of the arbitrators appointed to award the Burnett prizes has been made; and, as a deviation from the general rule in such cases, we have as yet heard of no dissatisfaction expressed by the unsuccessful candidates. The subject for the essays was "The Being and Attributes of God." 208 treatises were lodged, and the prizes awarded to the Rev.

ROBERT ANCHOR THOMPSON, M.A., Louth, Lincolnshire, and the Rev. JOHN TULLOCH, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, Scotland, respectively. The value of the first prize is £100, and that of the second, £60.—prizes better worth competing for than the miserable honorarium offered by the Manchester Macenas. Another extraordinary feature in the adjudication was that the judges (Professors BADEN POWELL and HENRY RODGERS and Mr. ISAAC TAYLOR) were quite unanimous in their selection of the two prize essays, although they admit that there were none among the 208 treatises that might not have been greatly ameliorated. "We should have been glad," say they, "to find that there had been two treatises so uncontestedly superior to the rest as to release us from all hesitation;" and shortly afterwards they declare that "there is no essay which, in our judgment, is not greatly capable of improvement by omission or alteration." This must ever be the result of the prize system. Considerations as to the number of competitors and consequent uncertainty, leavened with an irrepressible suspicion of the judges, effectually keep the best men from competing, while they deaden the energies of those who do venture, and prevent them from bestowing that careful labour upon their work without which perfection is impossible.

The frequenters of the British Museum reading-room were surprised and delighted, on the reopening of the Library after the Christmas recess, by the appearance of an excellent catalogue of the valuable collection of pamphlets which forms part of the Royal Library. This collection is known to contain a mass of historical and political matter affecting the reigns of the STUARTS and the first three GEORGES, and numbers altogether 20,000 pieces. A well-digested catalogue, filling altogether nine folio volumes, reduces this *rudis indigestaque moles* into something like order, and renders it available to the student.

Despite the severity of a late winter, the spring crop of novelties promises to bud thick and fast. The rage for collectanea from the reviews has not yet abated, and a selection of ROGERS's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* has just appeared; and "Sketches, Legal and Political," by RICHARD SHIEL, are announced, M. W. SAVAGE, Esq. doing the office of editor. The popularity of the *Idées Napoléoniennes* has suggested to MESSRS. BLACK, of Edinburgh, the want of a cheap edition of SCOTT's "Life of Napoleon," which is accordingly advertised to appear and be completed in nine parts. The author of "Blondelle" (a not very decent novel, which created some sensation in the upper circles three years ago) has contributed to the Bonapartist mania, with a smart piece of traveller's note-book writing, entitled "The Island Empire, or the Scenes of the First Exile of Napoleon I." Another contribution to the already vast cloud of volumes having reference of Russia is promised by Mr. E. J. BRAZAZON (the author of "Outlines of the History of Ireland"), to be called "Russia and her Czars;" and Captain RAPTER, faithful to the military subject which he has already done so much to illustrate, promises us a treatise on "The Indian Army, its rise, progress, and present condition." BORROW, the author of those nervous books, "The Bible in Spain" and "Lavengro," promises two novelties—one, a continuation of the latter, to be called "Rommany Rye," and evidently intended to illustrate that Gipsy life and Gipsy language with which its author is so strangely fascinated; the other, a treatise on "The Songs of Europe." MESSRS. HURST and BLACKETT have novels in the press from the fertile pens of MRS. GORE, MRS. TROLLOPE, MRS. JEWESBURY, and JUDGE HALBURTON. Of biographies, we hear of a forthcoming "Life of Dr. YOUNG," "the inventor of hieroglyphics," to be edited by the DEAN OF ELY; and also an "Autobiography of JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM," who is stimulated, doubtless, by the example of BARNUM. The only important revival is that of "Lord Commissioner WHITELOCK's Journal of the Embassy to Sweden in 1653 and 1654;" revised by H. REEVE, Esq. The quaint style of the old Ambassador, and his graphic pictures of the Court of the eccentric Christian, cannot fail to be popular. Those who take a lively interest in the details of the various searching expeditions after Sir JOHN FRANKLIN will look with lively interest for a forthcoming volume by Sir JOHN ROSS, setting forth his views as to the causes of the failure of these Expeditions.

Dr. HENRY DEWHURST, to whose operations we lately directed the attention of our readers, is becoming quite notorious. Since our last, we have received a number of communications with reference to this gentleman—various enough in detail, but all exhibiting the most remarkable unanimity with regard to his character and intentions. Some of our readers have forwarded for our perusal the letters with which they have been favoured; and from these we select the following curiosity, as eminently characteristic of the Doctor's correspondence. It was written in answer to a brief note requesting information as to his state, and a reference to some respectable person in the metropolis:

10 Mitre Street, London.

Sir,
I only received your truly kind note on the 1st of March, and would have answered it before, but I had not the means to pay either paper or postage. In reply to your communication, I most respectfully inform you that, having been educated for the medical profession thirty years ago, and

being two years curator of the celebrated anatomical museum of the late Joshua Brookes Esq (whose life I wrote on his decease) and in 1824 I went to the Polar Regions as medical officer of a whaling vessel, and in 1825 I commenced practice in my profession, and as a public lecturer on Human and Comparative Anatomy, being married to my first wife—I succeeded until 1832, when thro' opening the body of a female who died in childbed, I wounded my hand and I was laid upon my bed for 12 months, during which I had an attack of Asiatic Cholera, and lost my anatomical school and pupils, all my furniture was seized for rent, and with an increasing family was plunged into the deepest distress. By Lecturing on Anatomy, Astronomy, Zoology, Phenology, History, Total Abstinence from Alcoholic Liquors in London and the Provinces, I managed with difficulty to support my family, until 1844, when my wife was seized with consumption, caused me to lose all my philosophical apparatus, and in 1848 she died—leaving me with 4 children, these are now grown up and except the youngest are no burden upon me. For the last 4 years I have kept a boy's school for children of the working-classes but the Church Clergy having established no less than four fresh schools (in addition to 2 Catholic 1 Swedenborgian 1 Presbyterian 2 British and Foreign 2 National and 1 Ragged Schools) near me, who receive children at one penny and 2 pence per week, many of my young pupils who paid me from 6d. to 1s. now go to these establishments, and instead of between 20 and 30 boys I once had, I have only now 6, whib pay alpence weekly and that not regularly. Last year, I resumed my Temperance Lectures and tho' I only received from 5s. to 10s. weekly, yet it was all profit or nearly to me, and did us good. However, after my last lecture on Dec. 1, I was seized with a most obstinate Diarrhoea which greatly reduced me, and about 7 weeks ago, an unsightly eruption, thro' debility and low diet appeared on my face—which dis-

abled me from attempting to earn a trifle by public Lecturing. Being unable to procure any medicine, I have been compelled to become an outpatient of one of the City Hospitals, and I thank God, I am slowly recovering, and in about a fortnight hope my face will be quite well—and could I procure a nutritive meat diet, I should regain my health and strength. If I am able to procure a little decent clothing of which I am destitute, I shall then resume both my Temperance and Literary Lectures, as I can obtain a Temperance Hall on very reasonable terms. . . . Every article we could pledge, even blankets, sheets, my boots, are gone for our past support. I am the author of 44 works on different branches of science, and if I can obtain sufficient subscribers for my splendid work on "The Astronomy of the Universe" I anticipate with God's blessing my troubles will cease. I have 150 Testimonials, Certificates, Diplomas (5 from Paris), in pledge with 20 MS vols. of my Lectures and which will cost about 30s. to redeem them, being out of date, otherwise I would have sent them per railway, for your perusal; unfortunately, I know nobody you are acquainted with, and since my downfall I have kept myself aloof from all who knew me in happier days. To add to my troubles, I owe 7s. 6d. rent, and hourly expect to be arrested for 5s. 2d. two instalments for a county court judgement I owe.

I trust this long Epistle will not give any offence but as it contains unhappily for me a true statement of my present unfortunate situation, I can only say, that as a brother philosopher, I shall feel truly honoured and grateful for your benevolent patronage.

With every sentiment of the most profound respect, I have the honour to be, Sir, your very Obedient Humble Servant, HENRY WM. DEWHURST, M.D., F.R.A., H. G. S. de Paris.

The tone of the above composition certainly offers a very remarkable contrast to the letter lately published, under cover to Mr. Horford of the Mendicity Society.

In which press influence was offered for sale; and it becomes the more extraordinary (considering the style and punctuation) when we find that, so far as the statement about the literary labours of the writer is concerned, it is perfectly true. Dr. Dewhurst is the author of a great number of works upon Anatomy and other branches of science, most of which are in great estimation, and of which no less than twenty-one may be found in the library of the British Museum. Talents of a very high order indeed, appear in it is only one more instance of a man who might have been a benefit to his fellow-countrymen and an honour to mankind, but who is contented to depend upon the most miserable stratagems for a meagre and not very creditable subsistence. In giving publicity to this we think that we are doing no more than our duty to the public, and especially to those who, from a sense of Dr. Dewhurst's former labours, might be persuaded into opening their purse-strings. The letter printed above is simply a begging-letter; and the talents of the writer only aggravate that fact. Far be it from us to oppress real distress, or to stay the hand of benevolence when stretched out to relieve the unfortunate and deserving; we should not have taken up this case if we were not convinced, by a mass of the most conclusive testimony, that it possessed characteristics the reverse of these; and we have no hesitation in recommending all who receive such letters for the future to inclose them for answer under cover to Mr. Horford of the Mendicity Society.

L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The Census of Great Britain in 1851: comprising an account of the Numbers and Distribution of the People, their Ages, Conjugal Conditions, and Birthplace; with Returns of the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, and the Innates of Public Institutions, and an Analytical Index. Reprinted in a Condensed Form from the Official Reports and Tables.
London : Longman and Co. 1854.

EXCEPT as a subject to gratify curiosity, the Census Report presents but little to attract the attention of more than one in a hundred of the population. To legislators and officials it may be of very great service; and, if it enable statesmen to legislate more beneficially, and functionaries to discharge their duties better, the apparent futility of some of its details should not be hastily condemned.

It may, however, be a question of economy worth consideration, whether the labour of taking the census might not in future terminate when the statement of the gross population, number of houses, &c., obtained from the summaries, is prepared and first submitted to the Secretary of State—that is, we doubt whether the subsequent revision to ensure accuracy and obtain minute details be indeed an "indispensable process;" for

This revision involved the examination and totalling of more than twenty millions of entries contained on upwards of 1,250,000 pages of enumerators' books. This accomplished, the facts and figures forming the groundwork of the abstracts to be prepared of the number of the people, their occupations, birthplaces, and condition as regards marriage, were then, once for all, settled and determined.

Now these *minutiae* will be, undoubtedly, very amusing to the inquisitive, and highly satisfactory to those who delight in poring over statistics; but if it could be ascertained that the revisions cost but one-tenth as much as the enumeration, many would be tempted to say that the curious, and the lover of statistical lore, "pay far too dearly for their whistle," although the decrease of the expense of taking the census in 1851, as compared with the cost of taking it ten years before, should be really 5s. per 1000 of the population.

In 1841 all the local expenses of the census of England were paid out of the poor-rate. In 1851 the whole of the expenses were voted by Parliament. The cost in England of taking the census, exclusive of postage and printing, was at the rate of 5s. 9d. for every 1000 of the population in 1841, and 5s. 4d. in 1851, when the inquiry was greatly extended.

It is not quite clear whether in the last of these sums the expense of the elaborate "revision" of 1851 is included. But it is not our province to question the wisdom of politicians, nor to find fault with the vast amount of highly-useful information here collected, and ably (and we have every reason to believe accurately) con-

densed, upon the presumption that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

As so much has been already quoted of the dry details of the census, we shall confine our extracts chiefly to what strikes us to be the amusing portion of the work.

OUTLAY IN SCHEDULES, BOOKS, &c.

An adequate supply of schedules, with a liberal allowance for contingencies and waste, was forwarded from the Census Office to the local registrars and others, the total number thus distributed in Great Britain being nearly 7,000,000, the weight of which was nearly forty tons. Note.—The weight of the schedules, blank enumeration-books, and other forms dispatched from the central office for use in Great Britain exceeded fifty-two tons.

Method proposed to enable ordinary minds to conceive the aggregate of the population.

The number of the people in England and Wales was 17,927,609, namely, 16,921,882 in England, and 1,005,721 in Wales. It is difficult to form any conception of these large numbers, for men are rarely seen in large masses, and when seen their numbers are seldom known. It is only by collecting, as in other cases of measuring the units into masses, these masses into other masses, and thus ascending progressively to a unit comprehending all others, that the mind attains any adequate notion of such a multitude as a million of men. Thus, from a file of ten persons which the eye takes in at one view, the mind readily conceives ten such groups or a hundred; and again ascending to ten hundred or a thousand, to ten thousand or a myriad, to ten myriads or a hundred thousand, and to ten hundred thousand or a million, arrives at a conception of the twenty-one millions of people which Great Britain contained within its shores on the night of March 30, 1851.

Other methods are proposed, and among the rest the capacity of the building of the first Great Exhibition.

Increase of the population in half a century.

The population of Great Britain and the Islands of the British Seas amounted to 10,917,433 in March 1801, and to 21,121,967 in March 1851; two nations, therefore, in numerical strength, but one in blood, are now within the shores which were held by the nation enumerated at the beginning of the present century; 10,204,534 new people are interposed among the 10,917,433 who represent the population of 1801.

Distribution of the Population of England.

The average distribution of the population of England is obtained by conceiving the area of 58,820 square miles divided into 583 squares, each containing 25 square figures of 4 square miles; a market town in the central square containing 15,501 inhabitants, and the 24 similar squares arranged symmetrically around it in villages containing churches, and chapels, and houses, holding in the aggregate 16,000 inhabitants.

Now imagine the figures to be of every

variety of form, as well as size, and a clear idea is obtained of the way that the ground of the island has been taken up and is occupied by the population.

Proximity.

The population may be looked at in another point

of view. Every person is in direct or indirect communication with other persons surrounding him, and the extent, intimacy, and number of the relations between people depend very much upon the degree of their proximity. If the persons, houses, villages, towns, are twice as far apart from each other in one country as they are in another, the force and interaction of the two communities will differ to an inconceivable extent. Proximity can be expressed with the same precision as density of population, upon the same hypothesis of equal distribution; and its relative value in different countries and districts is equally interesting.

Extraordinary disparity in the number of deaths among Scotchmen compared with mortality of Scotchwomen.

Scotchmen die in greater numbers than Scotchwomen, or they leave the women of Scotland at home when they cross the Tweed, as well as when they emigrate, and do not marry, or marry English wives; so that to 100 men at the ages, 20-40, 40-60, 60-80, 80-100, the enumerators of 1851 found respectively 112, 117, 135, and 159 women in Scotland. This great disparity of the sexes, which pervades so many counties of Scotland, well deserves careful investigation in connection with the law of marriage, the household manners, and the occupations of the people.

Adult Population of Great Britain—Husbands and Wives—Widowers and widows—Bachelors and Spinsters.

Great Britain, according to the census returns, contains 3,891,271 husbands, and 3461 wives. 382,969 men, who have been husbands,—widowers; and 795,590 women who have been wives,—widows. If we take only the persons of the age of 20 and upwards, the bachelors amount to 1,683,116, the spinsters to 1,767,194.

Ages of the people.

The following are the most remarkable results (of the census.) Of the 14,422,801 people living in 1851, 6,981,068 were under 20 years of age, and 7,441,733 were 20 years of age and upwards; while of the 21,185,010 living in 1851, the numbers under 20 years of age were 9,558,114, and the numbers of the age of 20 years and upwards were 11,626,896.

The increase in the young population under 20 years of age in the 30 years (1821-1851) has been 2,577,046; the increase in the adult population of 20 years of age and upwards in the same time has been 4,185,163.

The males of 20 years of age and upwards at the two periods amount to 3,587,600, and to 5,610,777; the increase in the 30 years has been consequently 2,023,177 men of the age of 20 years and upwards. All of these numbers, it is evident, would not be able to "go forth to war" if the population in mass were called to arms; and the quality of the population at after ages differs so much in vitality, strength, and intelligence, that it requires still further analysis.

The males at the soldier's age of 20 to 40, amounted to 1,966,664 in 1821, and to 3,193,496, in 1851: the increase in the 30 years is equivalent in number to a vast army of more than twelve hundred thousand men—1,226,832.

Number of the Deaf and Dumb.

In Great Britain 12,553 persons (6884 males and 5669 females) are returned as deaf and dumb. Of

this number, 10,314 are in England, 2155 in Scotland, and 84 in the Islands in the British Seas. In Great Britain, 1 in every 1670 inhabitants is a deaf-mute, in England 1 in 1738, in Scotland 1 in 1340, and in the Islands 1 in 1704. According to the most recent returns, the average proportion of the deaf and dumb to the population of Europe generally is found to be 1 in every 1593 persons. In Holland, Belgium, and other states presenting chiefly a flat surface, the proportion is much smaller than in Norway and Switzerland; indeed, in some of the Swiss cantons, where cretinism is prevalent amongst the mountain passes, there is 1 deaf-mute in every 206 inhabitants. In Ireland, the average is 1 in 1380 persons; and in the United States of America, where, however, the returns are admitted to be very defective, 1 in 2366. Looking at the distribution of the deaf and dumb over the face of Great Britain, we find them to be more common in the agricultural and pastoral districts, especially where the country is hilly, than in those containing a large amount of town population.

The result of the investigation to ascertain the "mis-statements" in the age of "ladies" between twenty and twenty-five, is cleverly brought out, and a *true bill* found against no less than 35,000 fair delinquents, whose names, of course, are not known.

Persons of the age of 20 in 1851 must have been 10 years of age in 1841, and persons of the age of 25 in 1851 must have been of the age of 15 in 1841; and as there is a certain number of losses by death, it is evident that, excluding the effects of migration, the numbers at the age of 20-25 in 1851 must be less than the numbers living at the ages 10-15 in 1841, of whom they (20-25) are the natural survivors. What are the statements which the abstracts of areas express?

1841. The number of girls, age 10-15, was 1,003,119
 1851. The number of young women, age

1881. The number of young women, age 20-25, was, as stated in the returns, 1,030,456

Now the first number could never have swollen in ten years to the magnitude of the second: we are driven to the hypothesis that in 1841 and in 1851 the heads of families returned several thousands of ladies of the higher ages at the age of 20-25; and the hypothesis is confirmed by comparing the diminished numbers returned at the age of 30-35 in 1851 with the numbers returned as 20-25 in 1841, where it is evident that the latter number is in deficiency as much as the former number is in excess.

1841. The number of young women of the age of 20-25, as stated in the returns, was.....	973,696
1851. The number of women of the age of 30-35, as stated in the returns, was.....	768,711

The extensive immigration of the Irish into Great

The extensive immigration of the Irish into Great Britain during the ten years 1841-51 has exercised

some disturbing influence on the proportions; but, upon comparing the above numbers with those for males at the corresponding ages, the conclusion appears to be inevitable that about 35,000 ladies, more or less, who have entered themselves in the second age, 20-40, really belong to the third age, 40-60. Millions of women have returned their ages correctly; thousands have allowed themselves to be called twenty, or some age near it, which happens to be the age at which marriage is most commonly contracted in England, either because they are quite unconscious of the recent lapse of time, or because their imaginations still lingered over the hours of that age, or because they chose foolishly to represent themselves younger than they really were, at the scandalous risk of bringing the statements of the whole of their countrywomen into discredit. With some trouble, these mis-statements and errors of age can be partially corrected; and at future censuses, as the age becomes better known, the errors, it may be sanguinely hoped, will not be repeated.

The following benevolent suggestion is *not* likely to be extensively tried in the present age:

The great number of childless parents, of unmarried persons, of orphans, and of large families, particularly among the poor, sanctions the practice of adoption, and points out the propriety of distributing destitute orphans and other children, who are now kept at a great expense by parishes in workhouses, and by societies in large buildings, among the ~~childless families, who would cherish the children~~

Proportion of Irish in Scotland and England.
Seven per cent., or 207,367 of the inhabitants of Scotland are natives of Ireland, while 519,959, or three per cent. of the inhabitants of England, are natives of Ireland. The demand for labour has therefore been proportionately greater in Scotland than in England.

of Scotchmen in England and Englishmen in Scotland. There are 130,087 natives of Scotland in England, or 7 in every 1000 of the population of England, and 46,791 natives of England in Scotland, or 16 in every 1000 of the population of Scotland. Scotland has sent 47 per 1000 of its population to England—England and Wales, 2 7-10ths per 1000 of its population to Scotland.

The classification of the occupations of the

people must have been a work of great labour. It is that part of the Report of which we have most doubt whether the advantages will bear any reasonable proportion to the cost of time and money in arranging the materials. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea by extracts of the infinitude of divisions and sub-divisions required in this part of the subject, while a selection from the tables would be of little service. Members of the Legal and Medical profession come under the heads "Sub-class 2 and 3, Class III." Among the medical professors "empirics of various kinds—worm-doctors, *homeopathic professors*, herb-doctors, and *hydropathic practitioners*, figure in the sub-class (3) to a small extent." We mark with emphasis the two that we think it would have been more gracious not to have classed with empirics.

The members of the *Profession of the Law* are the least numerous body, and sustain no competition from without such as that to which the clergy and medical men are exposed—competition which, however, chiefly affects the incomes of the latter class, as the incomes of the clergy are generally secured. The clergy of the Established Church (18,587), the lawyers (16,763), and the medical men (18,728), differ little from each other in numbers, and in the aggregate amount to 54,078. The three professions with their allied and subordinate members, not differing greatly from the average of 37,000 to each, amount to 110,730, and their importance cannot be over-rated; yet in point of mere numbers they would be out-voted by the tailors of the Kingdom.

It may be the novelty of meeting classical Latin quotations in statistical returns which makes us doubt the propriety of their introduction. Indeed, there is much in this report indicative that men of letters are in office. This is rendered more conspicuous by the introduction occasionally of a graceful compliment to some of our present magnates in literature.

The section on the civil and conjugal condition of the people afforded an opportunity of relieving the dry details of the census with occasional disquisitions on the progress of moral improvement in the people. The names of some of the celebrities of the two preceding centuries are introduced—Charles the Second, Queen Anne, the Georges I., II., and III., and some of the most celebrated of the statesmen and courtiers of the several eras. The memory of one person is revived, which we think it would have been better under all circumstances to have left undisturbed, since the reputation of the Princess Dowager of Wales cannot be made immaculate by coupling her, as is here done, with the good and virtuous Queen Charlotte. Her connection with Bute before and after the death of her husband left no doubt of her immorality in the minds of many, and among the rest Horace Walpole, who states unreservedly that he was as satisfied of the Princess's guilt as if he had seen her and Bute together. Chesterfield, ever more generous and manly than Walpole, is more charitable; for, though he admits there were grounds for strong suspicion, nevertheless the Princess might be innocent. In either case we do not think she was just the person to quote as an example of the improved morality of the court in the early part of the reign of George the Third. This portion of the census report, though we think it abhorrent in the full and strict sense of the word, will relieve the mind, and may be regarded as a curious experimental innovation in the *official* department of our literature.

MR. JAMES is not merely an historical novelist; he writes real history, and renders it as amusing as a romance by the manner of his writing, for he resembles the old chroniclers in the faculty of making pictures of his descriptions. Hence he was peculiarly qualified to undertake the *History of the Life of Richard Cœur de Lion*, which Mr. Bohn has reprinted in his "Standard Library," in 2 vols. It is as inter-

in his "Standard Library," in 2 vols. It is as interesting as any of Mr. James's romances, with the advantage of being true.—*The Ecclesiastical Histories of Sozomen and Philostorgius*, the latter as epitomised by Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, and translated by Mr. E. Walford, have been added by Mr. Bohn, in one volume, to his "Ecclesiastical Library."—The 6th vol. of Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has appeared in "Bohn's British Classics." The notes with which the editor has enriched it are so copious as to have compelled the extension to another volume. It is by far the best edition of Gibbon ever published, and the cheapest.—"Bohn's Classical Library" presents a close and very accurate translation of *Xenophon's Cyropaedia and the Hellenics*, by the Rev. J. S. Watson and the Rev. W. Dale, with a biographical notice, and a chronological table and index. The notes are not numerous; but they are what notes should be, explanatory.

tory, and not disquisitional. By help of this complete edition of translations of the Classics, a person ignorant of Latin and Greek might attain an extensive knowledge of the literature of both.—The 10th vol. of the *Illustrated History of England* almost concludes Smollett's most tedious history of the reign of George II.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rev. Richard Cameron. By G. M. BELL. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

Simpkin and Marshall. About half-way between Perth and Edinburgh stands the burgh of Falkland, in whose palace was committed that cruel deed which the genius of Walter Scott has made immortal—the murder of the Duke of Rothesay. In this burgh, towards "the end of Charles the First's reign," was born Richard Cameron. His father, a merchant in the town, is said to have been wealthy, and, when young Richard was old enough, obtained for him the appointment of precentor to the curate of Falkland. It may reasonably be inferred from this circumstance that Cameron had received a fair amount of classical education. Be this as it may, a man of his fiery and earnest character could not long remain an inactive spectator of the great contests of the day. Carefully and faithfully studying these, he soon arrived at conclusions which made it impossible for him to retain his office, conscientiously, any longer. Hesitating not one moment between his interest and his duty, he bade farewell to his friend the Falkland curate, and accepted a situation in the family of Sir William Scott, of Harden, "as chaplain or tutor." This also it soon became impossible for him to hold. Sir William and his family, who seem to have been of the moderate Presbyterian party, were in the habit of attending divine service at the church of the nearest "indulged" minister. Cameron's soul could not be satisfied with a compromise, and both publicly and privately he denounced the "indulgence" and those who accepted it. Matters soon came to a crisis. One Sunday he was desired to attend Lady Scott to the church. He went with her to the door; but not one step further would he go. Such conduct, of course, could not be endured by his employers; and he had once more to choose between fidelity to what he thought was the truth on the one hand, and worldly interest on the other. His choice could not be doubtful, and he left Harden. It is related, however, that either his arguments or some other circumstances so influenced Lady Scott's mind, that she, too, afterwards became a "nonconformist;" and that Sir William had to pay many and heavy fines on that account. For some time poor Cameron seems to have wandered about in solitude and sorrow, until at length he became acquainted with John Welsh, one of a family which for three generations had been noticeable for zeal in the Presbyterian cause. Welsh had himself been expelled from his charge for nonconformity, and therefore was doubly likely to sympathise with Cameron. A friendship accordingly grew up between the two, which, in spite of minor differences of opinion, lasted until death. It seemed to Welsh that Cameron, with his noble sincerity and impassioned ardour, was bound to enter upon the office of the ministry. For a long time Cameron declined, alleging that he could never speak without hurling forth his denunciations against the indulged ministers. This refusal being at length overcome, he was first examined and then licensed by Welsh himself and another expelled minister (of whom a most interesting account may be found in the "Scots Worthies," by Howie of Lochgoin), John Semple. His licence was granted in the house of Henry Hall of Haughhead, one of the few "gentlemen" who are faithful to the last to the Covenanting cause,

We should merely weary our readers were we to enter into many details as to the "indulgences" against which Cameron felt bound to testify. suffice it then to say that they allowed Presbyterian ministers to officiate, on an understanding that they were not to attack the authorities in their sermons, and that they were, generally, to be as polite as possible. On the part of the King and his counsellors these "indulgences" were very politic, as they tended to create disunion and disputes among the Covenanters; on the part of those ministers who accepted them they were, more than anything else, compromises between cash and conscience, between the law of God and the breeches-pocket. Cameron, naturally enough, felt hot wrath against

them, and was by no means cautious in showing it. Accordingly he had scarcely been licensed when he frankly avowed that he should thenceforth be a bone of contention among the Presbytery, inasmuch as his conscience impelled him to denounce what he regarded as a betrayal of God's cause. He was first appointed to preach to the people of Annandale—stout border thieves, to whom Covenant, Church, and the like, were of no interest whatsoever. Knowing this, Cameron at first hesitated to enter on such an unpromising work, but was somewhat coarsely encouraged by his friend Welsh, who said, "Go your way, Ritchie, set the fire of hell to their tails!" The first part of this advice Cameron immediately followed; and the second part he seems to have shortly adopted with no little success. His first sermon (the text of which was Jeremiah iii. 19) was preached in the open fields, and a vast crowd of the men of Annandale assembled to hear it, doubtless more from curiosity than from any desire for spiritual edification. Cameron began to preach with that calmness which is ever so impressive when seen in a strong man; but soon words of fire rushed to his lips, and his impassioned soul burst forth into noble exhortation and irresistible appeal. No phrasemonger, no user of soft words, was Richard Cameron; and ere long he had to tell his auditors that they—thieves, or the offspring of thieves—had in deed no chance of the kingdom of heaven. This plain speech had more effect by far than the most convincing arguments or the most polished rhetoric; and many a rough borderer who heard that day's discourse abandoned the ways of iniquity, and became a moral and God-fearing man. A blessing seems to have rested upon Cameron's labours at this time; and, though he never ceased to protest against what he deemed the "back-slidings of his generation," his work was comparatively tranquil till the year 1678, when he was summoned, together with a brother-minister, Wellwood, to attend a general meeting of the clergy at Edinburgh. His friends remonstrated with him against the freedom with which he spoke of the Indulgence, and urged him, for the sake of the Church—which intestine disputes were sure to ruin—to abstain from denouncing a measure which had been accepted by the majority of his brethren. Cameron was, if not unmoved, yet steadfast. The wishes of friends, tranquillity, peace, the existence of the Church itself, seemed small matters to him when compared to the grander duty of uttering his honest convictions. Other meetings, however, were held, and friends were clamorous, and man is weak; and Cameron yielded so far as to give a promise that he would no longer use such strong language as heretofore. Considering the opinions which he held, we cannot but consider this promise as wrong and sinful. If Richard Cameron considered the Indulgence wrong, Richard Cameron was bound to say so; not harshly or uncharitably, indeed, but with unmistakeable emphasis. He had, indeed, been as a stumbling-block, as a bone of contention to his brethren; but he had been faithful to the higher law. He yielded; and scarcely had the promise been given ere he knew that he had sinned. No threats, no intimidation, could have shaken him; but false friends, with sophistry and cant, had done what force would have failed to do. Remorse, bitter and burning, seized upon his soul; but, with the true Scotch veracity, he knew that his promise, though rash and wrong, was binding upon him—and he kept it. In his former sorrows he had the grand consolation of knowing that he had done his duty, and been faithful to his God; but now his sin was his sorrow—and for sorrow of that kind there is but little consolation here on earth. He preached no more, wandered sorrowfully about the land, and, becoming sick at heart, and tired of life, could no longer endure existence in a country whose Sabbath worship reminded him weekly of his sin; and, leaving Scotland, he sailed for Holland.

Holland was in those days what England is now—a sanctuary for the vanquished of every land and every creed. In 1678, when Cameron arrived there, many of the most earnest Presbyterian Ministers had sought it as a "Camp of Refuge." Calumny had been busy with his name, and tales of his weakness and want of courage had been spread among the exiled Covenanters. In his own eyes, indeed, and in the sight of God, Cameron had been weak, had sinned; but he was guiltless before man, and he knew it. He had not come to Holland to live in idleness, and was soon busy in his sacred task—healing the wounded soul, and giving strength

to the trembling heart. His first public sermon, preached at Rotterdam, convinced all who heard it that he had been grossly slandered; and he soon attained great popularity and influence among the exiles, whose chief leaders at that time were the Revs. M'Ward and Brown.

Cameron stayed in Holland about two years, and in his absence the cause of the Covenanters was entirely ruined. Galled into action by intolerable oppression, they had risen in armed insurrection; and, after a contest which Scott's "Old Mortality" has made familiar to every one, had been routed at the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, in 1679. Horrible was the cruelty of the victors, terrible were the sufferings of the vanquished. No fouler or darker page—none which is more stained and streaming with the blood of the innocent—can be found in History than that which records the doings of Claverhouse, of Dalryell, and their masters. It cannot be surprising that the Covenanters in Holland, when they heard of the defeats and sufferings of their brethren in the faith, should have longed to renew the struggle, and to hurl their defiance once again at the head of the oppressor. A mission was needed, and the selection fell upon Richard Cameron; and, though he knew right well that his journey would be fatal to himself, he believed that it would be useful to the cause of God, and he resolved to go. He was ordained specially for his task, by the Reverend Messrs. Roleman, M'Ward, and Brown. They placed their hands solemnly upon his head: M'Ward's stayed there longest; a vision, sad but glorious, of the future flashed before his eyes; and he at length exclaimed: "Behold, all ye beholders, this is the head of a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, who shall lose the same in his master's service, and it shall be placed so high that all may see it."

Cameron arrived in Scotland in 1680, and sealed his principles with his blood in the same year. Short but stormy was his mission. He found but too many disappointments and discontents; but through these, through calamity, through tempest, and through sorrow, he struggled as became a brave man and a believer. He was not without fellow-labourers, equally ready to spend and be spent in the same cause; and, though not even one man had helped him, there was that in him which would have made him "bate no jot of heart or hope," though on the other side legions stood arrayed.

After preaching in different secluded places, and holding public fast-days in the moors, Cameron, Cargill, and their friends, resolved to issue a public declaration of their principles and objects. One was accordingly drawn up, and made public "at the Market-cross of Sanquhar," June 22, 1680. This "Sanquhar declaration," which our space forbids us to quote, should be read by all who wish to understand the spirit of the men of those days. Cameron dared not go alone; twenty armed men were with him when his brother Michael read out the declaration—troops were posted in every neighbouring town, ready to cut him off; against him was all the authority of England and Scotland—for him only a score or two of humble men; and yet in this declaration he fearlessly denounces and disowns the King! The very next week a proclamation was issued, declaring him a traitor, and offering five thousand marks for his head. Cargill and Douglas were also mentioned, and likewise Richard's brother Michael, for each of whom three thousand marks were offered. In order to make this proclamation effectual, a most tyrannical measure was adopted. All the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes of Carsphairn, Balmaclellan, Dalry, Loudon, Glencairn, &c., above the age of sixteen, were required to take a solemn oath that they had not harboured the traitors, that they had not seen them, and that they knew not the places of their concealment. This measure could only tend to encourage perjury.

The Proclamation was dated the 30th of June, 1680, and Cameron had not now more than three weeks to live. His next sermon was preached at Swineknowe, a little place in Lanarkshire, his text being these words of Isaiah: "And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." An audience assembled to hear him, and his fiery eloquence gushed freely out. Among other things, he uttered a distinct and unmistakeable prophecy, that the Lord would sweep the Stuart family from the throne—a prophecy which eight years sufficed to fulfil. He again preached "at the Grass Water-side, near

Cumnock," uttering freely many prophetic expressions. Nearer and nearer, though unconsciously to him, the fatal day was silently approaching; but, as yet, he had health and courage to labour. Opposed by some neighbouring lairds, he told one of them that he should die childless, and another, that he should suffer by burning—both of which predictions came to pass. It is also related that, when he was one day speaking to the people in a house, a mighty tempest raged without; and that, as the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed, Cameron exhorted all who had gathered around him to remember that they were in the presence of their God. Struck with no feeling of awe or reverence, either by the terrors of the scene or the exhortations of the preacher, one Andrew Dalzell, who was then present, said, "Sir, we neither know you nor your God." Cameron quelled the insolent blasphemer by a look, and then made answer: "You, and all who do not know my God in mercy, shall know him in judgment, which shall be sudden and surprising in a few days upon you: and I, as a servant of Jesus Christ, whose commission I bear, and whose badge I wear upon my breast,—I give you warning, and leave you to the justice of God!" Dalzell was in perfect health when this terrible warning was given, and possibly laughed it to scorn; but in a few days he died suddenly, in a fearful state. Next week Cameron preached twice, the second time from John v. 40: "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." These beautiful words seemed so applicable to his present situation that he could not refrain from tears; and tearful also were all his auditors. After this, for a day or two, he was closely shut up in his room in a state of profound despondency. Alarmed at his long seclusion, the mistress of the house at last had his door forced open; and, on her asking him wherefore he was so sad, he replied, "That weary promise I gave to these ministers has lain heavy upon me; and for this cause my carcass shall dung the wilderness, and that ere it be long." Brave and faithful Cameron, it was right that thou shouldest still feel remorse for thy weakness: but thy brothers will never dwell upon it, when in fancy they see the flash of the swords and hear the noise of the guns at Airsmoss! For day or two more, as if prescient of his rapidly approaching fate, he was uninterruptedly engaged in earnest and passionate prayer. At length, on the summer morning of July 18, 1680, he stood by his friend Cargill's side in Clydesdale, and when he had preached, they agreed to meet on the coming Sunday at Craigmead. Out from the golden gates of the East, softly but with loveliness and lustre, full many a Sunday has since dawned upon the world; but, when the "coming Sunday" of which Cameron spoke had come, all mysteries were solved for him, and the unspeakable glory and grandeur of the Eternal One were seen through a thinner veil than here!

The vengeance of the Government which Cameron had defied was now about to fall upon him. The Earl of Linlithgow, Claverhouse, and other officers, marched into Galloway with a regiment of foot and seven troops of horse, who gradually closed round and hemmed in Cameron's little band, which, in the last fight, numbered only sixty-three—twenty-three horse and forty foot—under the military command of the brave and trusty Hackston of Rathillet. On the last night of his life Cameron rested at the house of a friend "at the water of Ayr." In the morning they brought him water. Having carefully washed his hands, he gazed upon them and clasped them on his face. "This is their last washing," said he; "I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them!" A little girl had brought him the water; and her mother, when Cameron thus spoke, could not refrain from tears. She wept. But, turning round and earnestly regarding her, "Weep not for me, weep not for yourself and yours, and for the sins of this sinful land; for you have many melancholy, sorrowful, and weary days before you!"

Stretching out several miles between the parishes of Cumnock, Mauchline, and Muirkirk, there is a large morass named Airsmoss; and here, while the Government troops were searching all around, Richard Cameron and his followers lay secure. On Wednesday night, the 21st July, they learnt that the soldiers were in their immediate neighbourhood, and thereupon sent out two scouts to observe them. Morning came; and the scouts had not returned. Two others were sent to seek them, and to procure as much informa-

tion as possible as to the enemy's movements. All four messengers returned together, and with tidings that showed escape to be hopeless. The morning passed tranquilly away; but about 4 o'clock in the afternoon (it was Thursday, the 22nd), the dragoons were upon them, headed by Bruce of Earleshall. Flight was hopeless, and battle was destruction. In this terrible moment the Covenanters gathered around the dear pastor in whose defence they were about to die. Three times was his voice uplifted, and three times did the same prayer issue from his lips, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe!" He encouraged his little band to fight it out to the last, and protested that *this* was the day for whose coming he had longed. The charge of the enemy hindered any further exhortations; and scarcely had the fight commenced when Cameron fell to the ground, killed—shot through the head. Valiant Hackston showed noble intrepidity, but was at length compelled to yield; and Michael Cameron shared his brother's death. Bravely had the Covenanters fought, and twenty-eight of the dragoons were slain. Cameron's head and hands were severed from his body by Murray, a dragoon, who uttered these few words, which, few as they are, are Cameron's best epitaph:—"These are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting." A large flat stone, supported on four pillars, and on which are sculptured the initials "R. C.", the form of a Bible and a sword, marks the place where Cameron fell.

With an infamous refinement of cruelty, Cameron's head and hands were shown to his poor old father, whom the ruffians mocked and jeered as they asked him whether he knew *whose* they were. He kissed the dear remains of his well-beloved son, and made answer: "I know them, I know them; they are my son's, my dear sons: it is the Lord; good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days." M'Ward heard of his death in Holland, and mourned for his brave brother in the ministry; mourned not the less deeply that long ago he had foretold his fate—foretold it *literally*, for Cameron's head was placed, together with his hands, on the Netherbow-port, Edinburgh, that all might see it. When the "coming Sunday" arrived, Donald Cargill stood alone at the meeting-place; but he honoured the memory of his dear friend and fellow-labourer in his sermon, the noble and appropriate text for which was, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

We have spoken with warm praise of Richard Cameron; for we felt that he deserved all honour for his sincerity, earnestness, piety, and valour. Let it not be supposed for one moment, however, that we have had any sectarian motive for doing so. Of the present Presbyterianism we know little, and do not seek to know much more. If we have not utterly spoiled the facts of Cameron's life by our narrative of them, the reader will, we trust, by this time have come to agree pretty much in our estimate of his character. We offer no excuse for having praised a man who was without the pale of orthodoxy; for the truest orthodoxy is that which is most boundlessly charitable.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Druses of the Lebanon, their Manners, Customs, and History, with a Translation of their Religious Code. By GEORGE WASHINGTON CHASSEAUD. London: Bentley.

MR. CHASSEAUD was born in Syria, and has passed there the greater portion of his life, his father having been settled at Beyrouth, in some mercantile enterprise. Hence reliance can be placed upon his descriptions of the country and the people; for he has not, like a tourist, formed his judgments of all upon the accidents of the few he chances to fall in with by the way, but he writes from actual acquaintance with the scenes and persons he describes. His picture of them is upon the whole, a pleasing one. He speaks in warm commendation of their honesty; he found them hospitable, kind-hearted, and intelligent. The country abounds in natural beauty, is rich in the variety of its productions, and yields abundant crops to the husbandman with very little labour. This will be the standard book on Syria, for it comes from the best authority that has yet written upon the country. We have not much space to bestow, but we cannot refrain from making some short extracts to ex-

hibit the pleasant style in which the work is written. Here is a

STREET-SCENE IN BEYROUTH.

In snow-white loose trousers and blue silk jacket, with unexceptionable red cap and slippers, a costly shawl girdle, and a jaunty air, the spruce Greek captain brushes by the more sedate and the more soberly-clad Armenian banker, whose wide black turban and loose grey robes are but poor indications of the immense wealth at his command. But though strangers might be misled by this, not so the experienced eye of yonder harping Hebrew, whose emaciated features and untrimmed beard are in strict accordance with his careless and filthy attire, and the sordid avarice that reigns within. But the Jew gives place to a group of boisterous sailors, who, set on shore for a day's liberty, are rollicking through the streets in shirts with blue facings, and stout duck trousers, uncertain as to when and where they are to have their day's carousal. Closely-hooded friars, with cunning peeping from under their hoods, glide smoothly and noiselessly, like serpents, among the living mass. The spruce Aleppine beau, the spruce Beyrouth gallant, saunter into the bazaars in search of listless amusement; busy-looking European merchants, in wide-brimmed straw hats, are conversing earnestly with natives and brokers relative to commercial transactions; ship captains of a dozen different nations, followed by sailors and boys laden with fruits and provisions, are hastening towards marina; whilst, with less ceremony and about as much civility as a bear, the dissipated Turkish soldier elbows his way through the multitude, his costume a perfect caricature upon the discipline of the army. Meanwhile, like angels flitting to and fro amongst the troubled spirits of the earth, are women of all nations and creeds, from the fair western belle, clad in the height of Parisian fashion, with parasol and bonnet *à la mode*, to the equally beautiful, though darker, sylph from Damascus, who, closely enveloped in her thick white veil, yet displays sufficient beauty peeping forth from her loveable eyes to convince one of the fact that the sweetest kernels are sometimes concealed within a rough and unsightly husk. But amongst these, only distinguishable in the streets from the greater accumulation of dust upon her white *izar*, and adhering to her yellow boots, we recognise the daughter of a Druse of the Lebanon; and if testimony of this fact be wanting, we have it in her mother, who follows closely and jealously upon her footsteps, bearing on her head the emblem of her people, the shorter and peculiar horn worn by the Druse females.

Let us turn now to

THE DRUSE WOMEN.

Whilst the master of the house is asleep, the wife and daughter wash up the cooking utensils and put these by till evening; the children go forth on various errands of amusement, else fall asleep under the shade of the nearest tree. The wife has minor duties to attend to in the village, so she leaves us alone with the eldest daughter, who is a buxom lass of between sixteen and seventeen, and who, sitting down near us, enters into conversation without the least restraint or affectation. This fact alone proves that the Druses are not that jealous people they are sometimes represented to be, nor are their women such slaves to the prevailing Mahometan custom in Syria of excluding their sex from the companionship of men; this rigid law has only effect in the intercourse of the Druses with each other, or with the Turks, and this fact also proves that they have greater confidence in the good faith and honour of Christians and strangers than they can place upon their own fraternity. If we may judge by the sample before us, the Druse women are not one whit behind their sisters in more civilised countries as far as regards natural sharpness of intellect, and even wit; they possess, beyond a doubt, the rough unpolished matter which when worked up would constitute what is styled elegance and manners—a perfect illustration of the aptitude of that ancient proverb which says, that the roughest surface often contains within it the greatest mineral wealth. Somehow or other, the Druses, in common with all classes inhabiting Syria, are born with a natural tendency to politeness and etiquette. This is more particularly the case with the women; the wildest mountain girl possesses a refinement of manners, an elegance of deportment, and a delicacy of speech, which one might seek for in vain amongst a similar class in England and France. That heavy awkward gesture and speech so familiar to clodhoppers, and which so immediately stamps the creature with the class he belongs to, is never to be met with in the East.

We close with a spirited sketch of

GAZELLE HUNTING.

We have barely proceeded twenty minutes before the keen eye of the falconer has descried a herd of gazelles quietly grazing in the distance. Immediately he reins in his horse, and enjoining silence, instead of riding at them, as we might have felt inclined to do, he skirts along the banks of the river, so as to cut off, if possible, the retreat of these fleet animals where the banks are narrowest, though very deep, but which would be cleared at a single leap by the gazelles. Having successfully accomplished this manoeuvre, he again removes the hood from the hawk, and indicates to us that precaution is no longer necessary; accord-

ingly, first adding a few slugs to the charges in our barrels, we balance our guns in an easy posture, and, giving the horses their reins, set off at full gallop, and with a loud burrah, right towards the already startled gazelles. The timid animals, at first paralysed by our appearance, stand and gaze for a second terror-stricken at our approach; but their pause is only momentary; they perceive in an instant that the retreat to their favourite haunts has been secured, and so they dash wildly forward with all the fleetness of despair, coursing over the plain with no fixed refuge in view, and nothing but their fleetness to aid in their delivery. A stern chase is a long chase, and so, doubtless, on the present occasion it would prove with ourselves, for there is many and many a mile of level country before us, and our horses, though swift of foot, stand no chance in this respect with the gazelles. Now, however, the old man has watched for a good opportunity to display the prowess and skill of his falconry; he has followed us only at a hand-gallop, but the hawk, long inured to like pastime, stretches forth its neck eagerly in the direction of the flying prey, and, being loosened from its pinions, sweeps up into the air like a shot, and passes overhead with incredible velocity. Five minutes more, and the bird has outstripped even the speed of the light-footed gazelle; we see him through the dust and haze that our own speed throws around us, hovering but an instant over the terrified herd: he has singled out his prey, and, diving with unerring aim, fixes his iron talons into the head of the terrified animal. This is the signal for the others to break up their orderly retreat, and to speed over the plain in every direction. Some, despite the danger that hovers on their track, make straight for their old and familiar haunts, and, passing within twenty yards of where we ride, afford us an opportunity of displaying our skill as amateur huntsmen on horseback; nor does it require but little nerve and dexterity to fix our aim whilst our horses are tearing over the ground. However, the moment presents itself; the loud report of barrel after barrel startles the unaccustomed inmates of that unfrequented waste; one gazelle leaps twice its own height into the air, and then rolls over, shot through the heart; another bounds on yet a dozen paces, but, wounded mortally, staggering, halts, and then falls to the ground. This is no time for us to pull in and see what is the amount of damage done; for the falcon, heedless of all surrounding incidents, clings firmly to the head of its terrified victim, flapping its strong wings awhile before the poor brute's terrified eyes, half blinding it, and rendering its head dizzy, till, after tearing round and round with incredible speed, the poor creature stops panting for breath, and, overcome with excessive terror, drops down fainting upon the earth. Now the air resounds with the acclamations and hootings of the ruthless victors. The old man is wild in his transports of delight. More certain of the prowess of his bird than ourselves, he has stopped awhile to gather together the fruits of our booty, and, with these suspended to his saddle-bow, he canterers up leisurely, shouting lustily the while the praises of his infallible hawk; then, getting down and hoodwinking the bird again, he first of all takes the precaution of fastening together the legs of the fallen gazelle, and then he humanely blows up into its nostrils. Gradually, the natural brilliancy returns to the dimmed eyes of the gazelle; then it struggles valiantly, but vainly, to disentangle itself from its fitters. Pitying its efforts, the falconer throws a handkerchief over its head, and, securing this prize, claims it as his own; declaring that he will bear it home to his house in the mountains, where, after a few weeks' kind treatment and care, it will become as domesticated and affectionate as a spaniel.

EDUCATION.

Guide to the French Language. By J. J. P. LE BRETHON. Eleventh Edition. By L. SANDIER. London: Simpkin and Co.

This work is especially designed for those who wish to study the French language without the aid of a master. That it has been found in practice to effect its design is best proved by the fact that it has passed through no less than eleven editions. The plan appears to be this: the pupil is advised first to read over some French sentences with some English ones, and thus to obtain some idea of the difference between the two languages. This done, he proceeds to translate the French words into the English. Having thus mastered the elements of the language, the rules for its construction are given, and illustrated by copious exercises, which the student is to write and learn. It appears to be a thoroughly practical book.

A Practical System of Algebra. By PETER NICHOLSON, and J. ROWBOTHAM, F.R.A.S. Seventh Edition. London: Simpkin and Co.

We cannot attempt to offer an opinion as to the quality of this book, for to do so we must test it by solving some of its problems, for which we have neither leisure nor inclination. But there is no need for such a task. The public have already passed judgment upon the work by so patronising it that six editions have been sold; and therefore we have no occasion to do more than announce its entrance into a seventh.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Janus, Lake Sonnets, &c. By DAVID HOLT. London: Pickering.

It is more than probable that Shelley's idea, re-echoed by Mr. Holt, that men are cradled into poetry by wrong and sorrow, has served to colour the features of modern literature. Such an idea literally received is apt to give the muse a show of pœvishness and gloom, even when the poet's heart is thrilling with hope, and when it is least of all seared with the "proud man's contumely" or, "the pangs of despised love." It is a partial view, not a broad, piercing gaze into the depths of literature, or into the pulsations of life, which makes Mr. Holt exclaim:

Grief alone
Can string the chords of the celestial lyre,
To that deep utterance which acceptance finds
In the great Temple where Urania stands
To weigh the merit of her worshippers.

We have yet to be convinced that human nature must be lachrymial in order to show the splendour of her intellect; or that a poet must go wailing at the foot of Parnassus, or otherwise the fair sisters will not stretch forth their white hands to help him up the slippery steep. Is there really no "acceptance" but through sighs and groans? And is the child who is rejoicing and plucking cowslips in the meadow less an object of poetry than he who is mournfully planting cypress on a grave? The emotion of sorrow is not more inherently poetic than the emotion of rapture, and although affliction is a sure way of revealing the human heart, it is not the only way. Now we are so much the more pleased with Mr. David Holt since he, holding the view we have quoted, does not obtrude grief, real or imaginary, on the attention of the public. That is a cheap, and consequently an unstable fame, which a poet gains for his poetry only through his presumptive personal misfortunes. The moment it is premised, whether true or false, that the poet's sufferings are ideal and not veritable, from that moment decay touches the fair fabric of his popularity. Mr. Holt will run no risk on this score. Whatever popularity he may acquire will not be from a personal history forming the main charm of his verse, but simply because his poems are the product of a clear, sensible, and excellently artistic mind. We have only space to extract one of the *Lake Sonnets*, which we do, not because it is the best in the book, but because it came first to hand, and will serve to show the easy grace of the writer.

AT THE GRAVE OF WORDSWORTH,
IN GRASMERE CHURCHYARD.

Oh, better far than richly sculptured tomb,
Oh, fitter far than monumental pile
Of storied marble in cathedral aisle
Is this low grassy grave, bright with the bloom
Of nature, and laid open to the smile
Of the blue heaven—this stone that tells to whom
The spot is dedicate, who rests beneath
In this God's acre, this fair field of death;
Oh, meet it is, great Bard, that in the breast
Of this sweet vale, and 'neath the guardian hills
By thee so loved, thy venerated dust
Should lie in peace; and it is meet and just
That evermore around thy place of rest
Should rise the murmur of the mountain rills.

Mr. Holt is the more welcome just now because his verse is entirely free from purposeless ornament, or tinsel of words, or "fine unintelligibilities." A poem confused in sense loses precisely as a song does when the singer does not articulate clearly; and therefore it is a rare recommendation of Mr. Holt that no reader can unwillingly misinterpret his meaning. The poems have afforded us much pleasure. It is true that they contain no thoughts to dazzle or astonish with their uncommonness; but then they have no meanness, and their characteristic is music sustained through variety of time and measure. The poems have a still higher quality—reflection—which Bulwer calls "sorrow's companion;" but whether in this case the companionship is true we cannot say. They are, in fact, earnest without being sombre, and meditative without being so "awfully profound" that one is anxious to escape from their presence. The appreciation of our readers for poetry will not be diminished, but rather enhanced, by a perusal of *Janus and Lake Sonnets*.

Sonnets on the War. By ALEXANDER SMITH and by the Author of "Balder."

Our Alexander Smith has formed a sort of literary alliance with a poet of kindred spirit, the author of "Balder," who calls himself Sydney Yendys, but is called by others Mr. Dobell. They have leagued their pens to produce a little pamphlet of Sonnets inspired by the war, and these

are put together without anything to indicate their parentage; so that the reader can only guess at the authorship of each one, and, truth to say, it is difficult to assign them to their proper origins. They vary much in merit, but not much in style. Some of the subjects are not happily chosen; and some of them are treated a little too abstractly. It is, however, the best tribute to the war which the poets have yet given us. The war poem still remains to be written. We extract two of the best.

OUR MOTHER.

Christmas will come. Is England gay and glad?
Weary she turns from the untasted feast,
And listens at the window of the East
To catch the far-off tidings, proud or sad.
Many a weary vigil she has had.
Look on her face! Her thoughts have gone away
To that far time when she did dance and play
In sunny forests in a wolf-skin clad.
And now she dreams of unforgotten sons—
Her eldest Alfred; and a slow tear runs
Down her worn cheek; a wind of memory stirs
The long grass in the churchyard of her heart.
She listens at the East! Who'er thou art,
Thou art God if thou art call'd a son of hers.

CHILDLESS.

The Son thou sentest forth is now a Thought—
A Dream. To all but the he is as nought
As if he had gone back into the same
Bosom that bare him. Oh, thou grey pale Dame,
With eyes so wan and wide, what' knowest thou where
Thy Dream is such a thing as doth up-bear
The earth out of its wormy place? If the air
Does see the very fashn.—of the stone
That hath his face for clay? Deep, deep, hast found
The texture of that single weight of ground
Which to each mole and mark that thou hast known
Is special burden? Nay, her face is mild
And sweet. In Heaven the evening star is fair,
And there the mother looketh for her child.

THE indefatigable Chevalier de Chatelain has published an admirable translation of *Gay's Fables* into French verse, preserving wonderfully the spirit of the original. We have rarely seen so faithful a rendering; and even English idioms are conveyed in their true meaning, and with less of circumlocution to express them than is usually found in French translations of English books. The Chevalier has thoroughly mastered the genius of our language.—The 7th and 8th vols. of Southey's edition of *Cowper's Life and Works* have been added to "Bohn's Standard Library."

And thus he taught each little child,
If he would please the Lord,
That he must do his father's will,
And mind his mother's word.

A specimen of a book in verse for children, called *The History of our Blessed Lord* (Parker). But why not in decent verses? Why should children be plagued with such trash as this?—We regret, too, that we cannot praise a small volume called *Leaves from Life*, by L. M. R. (Baxter); for it is quite a drawing-room-table-book, so handsomely printed, so superbly bound, and so fancifully adorned with engravings. But, in truth, the poems have no sparks of genius, and they are defective in art. They are little better than common-places turned into verse. Such rhymes as these are not rare—"tome," "come," "witnesses," "opportunities." And this is the style, from "The Song of the Crystal Palace"—

Victoria, pass thy royal word—
The word that rules the free;
Arrest the wild and ruthless work,
Reverse the stern decree;
And let the Spirit of the Dome,
Nigh driven from its crystal home,
Have audience of thee.

A specimen of *The Bugle of the Black Sea* (Hardwick) will probably satisfy our readers. This is a description of the storm in the Black Sea:—

Short time we had to look or think—
Came glowering o'er the main
A stagnant cloud with spongy brink,
Was like a battle train,
But thicker far, and steep'd in red,
Like breath of Irish bog,
A powder-mill blown up, or e'en
A real London fog.

Is it enough?

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Romance of the Forum; or, Narratives, Scenes, and Anecdotes from Courts of Justice. Second Series. By PETER BURKE, Esq. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1854.

THERE is a scene in "Pickwick" which represents the convivial doings of a club, composed exclusively of attorneys' and barristers' clerks; and one of the most prominent personages in that assembly is a certain gentleman of a grave turn of mind, who never could be effectively brought out except upon the Inns of Court. When he was once started upon that momentous topic, the current of his reminiscences appeared to be inexhaustible; the tragic mysteries of the old Inns rose up before him like ghosts; and he related them to his awe-struck auditors more as

if he were unburdening his mind of memories too painful to be withheld, than as if he intended to furnish them with matter of amusement. Some such feeling as this appears to have animated Mr. Peter Burke throughout the composition of the several series of anecdotes of which the present is the second. Avoiding all the more human phases of our nature (of which even the annals of the law can supply most touching examples), Mr. Burke delights in illustrating the demoniac. In the words of his Shakspearian motto, his book tells of nothing but—

Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughter;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause;
And, in the upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' head.

However, since such is the plan of the book, we have no disposition to quarrel with it; and, as there are people in the world who would much rather read the details of a murder than of a marriage, we doubt not that the revival of these horrors will excite the liveliest interest. The first series of *The Romance of the Forum* enjoyed success; and the same may be safely predicted for the second.

We will now proceed to give the heads of the more notable among Mr. Burke's *causes célèbres*.

LORD CRICHTON'S REVENGE.

This tragedy occurred in the reign of King James I. Lord Crichton lost an eye in a fencing bout with one John Turner, a teacher of the art of defence. Having treasured up a most cowardly desire for revenge during seven years, he hired two men to assassinate Turner, which they effected at a public-house in Whitefriars. For this offence Lord Crichton was hanged on the 29th of June, 1612. The trial was remarkable on two accounts; firstly, because of a remarkable appeal for mercy addressed by the prisoner to the King; secondly, because of Bacon's (then Solicitor-General) logical reply to the same.

AN ENGLISH DUEL ABROAD.

This is the case of Edward Ely, who was tried, in 1720, at the Old Bailey, for the murder of Lieutenant Bignal. Both the prisoner and the deceased were on board the English fleet in the Baltic, and a dispute arose about the sale of some prize-money by the deceased to the prisoner. This led to a challenge; and, in order that the duel might be fought fairly, the parties landed upon a small Swedish island near to where the ship was lying. The evidence of the witnesses established the fact that the prisoner ran the deceased through the body before the latter had time so much as to draw his sword. Ely was hanged at Tyburn.

The chapter headed "Murders in Inns of Court" will be read with interest by those who inhabit those sombre localities. The cases cited are three in number. Francis Williams, a laundress, was killed, in 1724, by her master, Constantine Macgennis, Esq., who was acquitted on the ground of insanity. In 1733, an aged lady named Duncomb, and her two servants, were murdered in the Temple by Sarah Malcolm, a Temple laundress, who was hanged in Fleet-street for the crime. The last case is well known as "The Murder in Clement's Inn." It was in the year 1741 that James Hall, servant to John Penny, Esq., Principal of Clement's Inn, murdered his master and robbed his chambers. Hall suffered capital punishment, and his body was hung in chains.

CHANDLER'S ATTEMPTED FRAUD.

Is a very curious instance of the ability with which scoundrels will sometimes prepare the way for a fraud. When this case occurred, it was the law of the land that, whenever a highway robbery was committed with open violence, the hundred or division of the country in which the offence occurred was liable to make satisfaction to the party robbed. Chandler, who was clerk to a solicitor in the city of London, set out for Enford, with 970*l.* in bank-notes upon his person, but pretended to have been stopped at Hare Hatch, and robbed of all the property about him. At the summer assizes, in 1748, Chandler obtained a verdict against the hundred of Sonning for the full amount; but this verdict was afterwards reversed, on the discovery that the whole story of the robbery was a fiction, and that Chandler had not parted with a single note. For this fraud he was sentenced to be pilloried, and transported for seven years.

This case was the cause of the 22 Geo. 2, c. 24, which enacted that not more than the value of two hundred pounds could be recovered against the hundred, unless the party robbed was accompanied by some person who could attest the truth

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of the robbery. It is a curious fact that, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when an action was brought against the hundred of Gravesend for a robbery committed on Gadshill, the counsel for the hundred pleaded that it seemed hard to the inhabitants that they should answer for robberies committed on Gadshill, because they were there so frequent that, if the inhabitants should answer for all of them, they would be utterly undone, and that, "time out of mind, felons had used to rob on Gadshill." But this plea was of no avail to the hundred.

BLOOD-MONEY.

The case which led to the abolition of pecuniary rewards on the conviction of persons for highway robbery and other crimes was that of two soldiers, named John Hall and Patrick Morrison, who were near to being unjustly hanged at Wolverhampton in 1817, although perfectly innocent of the crime which they were accused. It appeared that these soldiers, after drinking with a man named Read, began to wrestle with him and with each other in a friendly sort of way. In the course of the struggle, a shilling and a penny dropped from Read's pocket, and the soldiers, taking them up, said that that would pay for more beer. Read was quizzed and grew angry about his money; whereupon a man named Roberts, keeper of the House of Correction, hearing of the affair, and foreseeing a chance of blood-money, said, "This is a good job," and apprehended the soldiers for highway robbery. The consequence was, that Hall and Morrison were left for execution, and, had it not been for the praiseworthy exertions of some influential inhabitants of Wolverhampton, they would have suffered the extreme penalty of the law. So strong, however, were the representations made to Lord Sidmouth, that a reprieve was granted, and eventually the men received a free pardon. Mr. Burke points out that between the facts of this case, and the incidents of Mr. Warren's fiction, "Now and Then," some strong points of resemblance are discernible.

A GENTLEMAN'S ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE SUCCESSFUL.

The case of *Shreiber v. Frazer* was tried before Lord Mansfield in 1780. The plaintiff was a merchant, and the defendant was widow of General Frazer, who fell at the battle of Saratoga. It was proved that, in anticipation of the marriage, the plaintiff had purchased a house for 4100*l.*, which he had subsequently sold for 3600*l.*, and also that he had incurred many other expenses having reference to the marriage. The fortunes of the parties were not unequal. The jury gave 600*l.* damages, with costs.

A SKULL THAT HAD A TONGUE.

We will give the anecdote in Mr. Burke's own words.

When Dr. John Donne, the famous poet and divine of the reign of James I., attained possession of his first living, he took a walk into the churchyard, where the sexton was at the time digging a grave, and in the course of his labours threw up a skull. This skull the Doctor took into his hand, and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple of it, which he drew out secretly, and wrapped it in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy-shop—an honest, drunken fellow, who, one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only the neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the Doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on the woman. He asked her several questions, and, among others, what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he

had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, and was brought to trial and executed.

We should have liked this story better if Mr. Burke had cited the name of the parish, and also that of the woman.

Mr. Burke by no means confines himself to English cases; and some of foreign extraction, such as "The Murder of Fulda," "The Count de Bocarmé," are of thrilling interest. One story, however, especially attracts attention, from the fact of its having formed the basis of a melodrama now familiar to our stage. We refer to the story of

THE COURIER OF LYONS.

Joseph Lesurques, the victim of as sad a mistake as ever threw doubt upon circumstantial evidence, was a respectable man residing in Paris. One morning in April, 1796, he breakfasted at the house of a certain M. Prichard, and it happened that a man named Couriot was of the party. Four days before this the Lyons mail had been robbed, and the courier and postilion murdered. Couriot was one of the assassins, and when he was arrested some of the witnesses identified Lesurques as having been in his company on the day of the murder. Upon this point the evidence of the witnesses was most positive and unanimous. Lesurques attempted to establish an *alibi*, upon evidence which only had one fault, that it was too perfect. The register of the National Guard proved that he was on duty that day. Here, if the evidence had stopped, was sufficient, and Lesurques would have been acquitted. But his friends were not satisfied; they brought a jeweller, who deposed to a transaction with him on the same day; but when the jeweller's book was produced, *the entry was found to have been interpolated*. This destroyed the whole case for the defence, and Lesurques was found guilty and subsequently executed. It was afterwards proved, and that upon the most indubitable testimony, that the unfortunate man was perfectly innocent, and that the cause of the mistake was an extraordinary similitude between him and a man named Dubois, the real murderer. This horrible event excited the greatest attention in France at the time, and in 1850 was dramatised in the Gaité Theatre; from whence it has been transplanted to the Princess's.

Mr. Weare's murder, by Thurtell, and Dr. Parkman's, by Professor Webster, occupy some space in these volumes; but the circumstances of these are too familiar to our readers to need repetition here.

In one or two points Mr. Burke's work is defective. In the first place, as to style: it appears to be written too much in the Newgate Calendar style to please in these days. In the next place, as to arrangement and selection: arrangement there is none, for we have crimes of all sorts, and all ages, and all countries, jumbled together in the most incongruous manner, without the slightest pretence to system; selection there can have been but little, or Mr. Burke never would have included cases so well-known as many of those with which he has filled out his volume. Lastly, we would inculcate the necessity of a little taste in the method of recital. As one example of a great want of this, we would cite the fact that, under the head "Executions of husbands with their wives," he groups the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey side by side with Mr. and Mrs. Manning.

MR. BOHN'S "CLASSICAL LIBRARY" has just been enriched by the addition of *Pliny's Natural History*, translated by Dr. Bostock and Mr. Riley. It is a

very quaint book—more amusing and curious, however, than instructive. Another of Mr. Bohn's admirable books is a *Handbook of Proverbs*, a complete collection of the English sayings, republished from Ray, with large additions made by Mr. Bohn himself, by whom the volume is edited. We have first a collection of proverbial sentences, with their sources, and then an alphabetically-arranged catalogue of proverbs. The number is marvellous. Closely printed, they occupy no less than 580 pages; each page containing 40 on the average—giving a total of 23,200! and all to be had for a few shillings. Here is the condensed common sense of centuries.—The market is still flooded with books relating to the war; and even those which fell still-born from the press years ago have been resuscitated, with a forlorn hope of meeting the sudden demand for information on the one subject. Other books are hastily got up to serve the turn. Such an one is a work by Mr. Morell, entitled *The Neighbours of Russia, and History of the present War*. This is the second production of the same author within a time too short to do justice to the theme.—*Lobster Salad*, by Mr. Percy St. John and Mr. E. Copping, is a *jeu-d'esprit*, not of the first class, but tolerable pastime in a dull season.—A second edition has appeared of the Rev. Joseph Kingmill's *Missions and the Missionaries* (Longman and Co.). It contains a sketch of the history of missions generally, from their beginning down to the present time, and of all Christian sects. It is written with uncommon impartiality; and the demand for a new edition proves that it has been acceptable to the public, who can endure sometimes, but not often, a book that is impartial.—The Rev. T. Hamberg, a Swiss Missionary, has published an account of the *Chinese Rebel Chief*, which has been translated by Mr. George Pearse, of the Chinese Evangelisation Society. According to this account, the Rebel is a kind of second Mahomet, having visions, and believing in himself and his mission. But his creed is not Christian.—Dr. Bucknill, Physician to the Devon Lunatic Asylum, has published a prize essay on *Criminal Lunacy*, in which he disputes, as do all mental philosophers, and all who have studied insanity practically, the principles laid down for their guidance by the judges. He asserts that there may be ungovernable impulses, though the mind is in all other respects sane.—*Parker's Church Calendar and The Educational Almanac for 1855* describe themselves by their names. The latter, however, contains a valuable list of the educational establishments and endowed schools in England and Wales.—*Home Happiness; or, Three Weeks in Snow* (Hughes), is stated to be a description of the actual experience of a family, who, being snowed in, contrived to pass a delightful three weeks by exercising the intelligence of all the members of it in various ways. It is interesting throughout, and in many parts instructive.—Mr. Samuel Cowling contends that the *Maine Liquor Law is the only hope of England*. We fear, then, that England is hopeless; for it will not be endured here.

—*Australia and the Gold Fields* (Ingram and Co.) are minutely described by Mr. C. H. Hargraves, who, as Commissioner of Crown Lands in New South Wales, had means of observation of which he has industriously availed himself. His account of the recent gold discoveries is very interesting. No intending emigrant should fail to read it.—Messrs. Routledge have reprinted in their cheap series the Rev. R. A. Wilmott's essays on the *Pleasures, Objects, &c. of Literature*, already commended by the CRITIC.—*The Californian Crusoe; or, the Lost Treasure Found* (Parker) is an importation from America. We suspect that there is more truth in it than the author is pleased to avow.—*The National Garden Almanac for 1855*, by John Edwards, is replete with useful horticultural information.—*The Political Handbook* is, in fact, an almanac, with information useful to "Reformers"—quære, who are they now?—Mr. A. Bowman's *Acting Charades* are pleasant Christmas pastime.—We are by no means satisfied as to the veracity of a little volume entitled *Odessa and its Inhabitants*, stated to be written by an English prisoner in Russia. If so, why not put his name to it, and thus authenticate the narrative. Being anonymous, it must be received with suspicion, and no larger notice can be taken of it than this.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

ONE in general cannot have a more agreeable companion than a chatty elderly gentleman, who sits down to relate the principal events of his life. He is not ashamed to mention certain juvenile frolics and follies, and he dwells with pride on the more worthy feats of his manhood. If his intercourse with the men of his day has been extensive, and if he has noted the ever-changing complexion of society with attention, he becomes instructive as well as pleasant. In

his gossip he may twaddle a little now and then, but he is grey-haired, and "lean and slipp'd," possibly, and allowances are to be made for him. Such a pleasant old gentleman, from Paris, we have been making the acquaintance of within the last few days. He was a man of note in his time—was once a very gay young man, and a pet with the petticoats. Countesses sought his conversation; duchesses held out a hand to him; royalty, even, honoured him. Further, he was the companion of wits and authors, was an author

himself, and made useful books and not contemptible verses—giving, withal, to his friends excellent suppers. In fact, our new acquaintance is no less than President Hénault, of the French Academy, to whom Voltaire addressed the lines :

Hénau, fameux par vos soupers
Et par votre chronologie,
Par des vers au bon coin frappés.

His *Mémoires*, written by himself, after having long slumbered in the dust of a library, have

just been collected and put into order by his descendant, M. Le Baron de Vigan. The old gentleman thus opens his story:—

I am about to recall certain circumstances in my life, because one likes to speak of himself, and that is the sole amusement left for old age. Those who think that much vanity will enter into my story know me ill. . . . Without flattering myself that my life can excite any curiosity, I imagine that some amusement may be found in these memoirs. I have not played a part; but I have often been a witness. Early in life I had friends enough, and acquaintances many; and chance would have it that these friends and acquaintances occupy the largest place in what follows—this same chance, indeed has made me intimate with the most considerable men of my day.

Hénault, in fact, in his memoirs, has more to say about what he has seen and heard than about what he has acted himself. He was acquainted with nearly all the great men and women who mingled in French society at the beginning and towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He has something to say of the authors, wits, and scholars of his day; something of people in office; something of court scandals, royal mistresses, degraded favourites, dishonest servants, domestic intrigues. He gossips pleasantly, without acerbity. He rarely points a moral, and is often rather a dull hand at adorning a tale; but he appears before us as a writer whose word may be relied upon.

Hénault was born in 1685, was educated in a school of Jesuits, was early introduced to public life, being appointed President of the first Chamber of Inquests, on the death of Maupeou, in 1710. He subsequently appeared at court, where he was welcomed for his pleasant manners and gay wit, and where he became what was then called in high life *un homme à la mode*—a fashionable leader. Finally, we find him a member of the Academy of France, then of Berlin, and of several other of the principal academies of Europe, and superintendent of the Queen's household. These honours and occupations would naturally bring him in contact with the distinguished men of the age, and give a value to what he has to relate respecting historical circumstances. The only great misfortune he experienced in his life was in upsetting, when at school, a boxful of wax-tapers, which were to have been presented "to our lords the bishops," on the occasion of some public ceremony. "Shame," he says, "made me take flight to my chamber, carrying, however, the box upon my shoulder: they ran after me; I would not open to any one: they asked me to restore the tapers, at least; there was no means of doing so. I burst into tears, and did not reappear for the rest of the day. I know not what effect this will have upon my readers; but," he continues, "that which I know is, that it was one of the notable events of my life—you may judge of the rest."

Hénault gives some interesting anecdotes about the authors of his day; but we shall only give one such, as it may be new to many, having reference to a celebrated man, and a once celebrated book:—

I write down facts just as they occur to my memory. Voltaire, who had just made his appearance, was reading some passage of his "Henriade" in the house of La Faye, where I was dining. These passages had been written by the hand of Voltaire the time when he was at the Bastille; and, as he had no paper, he had written the lines in I know not what printed book. He (La Faye) raised a dispute about the poem. He had the vexation to find that Voltaire bore himself sufficiently patient. But La Faye, who was very gay, made some *mauvaise plaisanterie*, which disconcerted Voltaire; and, in spite, he threw the book on the fire. I ran and saved it from the midst of the flames, saying that I had done more than those who had not burned the *Aeneid* as Virgil had directed to be done. I had plucked from the fire "La Henriade," which Voltaire had wished to burn with his own hand.

The accounts he gives of the men and manners of the century are amusing enough; but we must extract with moderation. The substance of a good domestic comedy will be found in his entries respecting the Prince de Léon. De Léon ran off with Mademoiselle de Roquelaure from a convent in which she was a boarder; "and those who had seen her figure would never have feared any one running away with her." They were married, and the lady returned to her convent the evening of the same day on which she had taken flight from it. The matter made much noise at the time; but the King took the couple under his protection, and it was soon hushed up. The lady, we suspect, was anything but handsome; nevertheless, "the passion of De Léon was not weakened by the change in the figure of his wife. Thus he loved her to the last

day of his life." But, for all this, the two seem to have led strange life. "No one ever saw them for a moment at peace together. M. de Léon was violent, and Madam de Léon was the most petulant of women." Then their means were limited, and they were sometimes reduced to the most ludicrous expedients to maintain the state they affected. "Every morning was spent in devising means. It was necessary to amuse some tradesmen, and to embark others, to furnish inventions for the kitchen, to make something out of nothing, to caress the *maître d'hôtel* to engage him to run a score with the people on his own word." Both husband and wife were full of expedients; but they could never agree about them. The neighbours in the adjacent houses heard their quarrels, to the noise of which disappointed tradesmen added their clamours. But the house, which in the morning was the scene of confusion, at night was the scene of gaieties. The court-yard, which a few hours before had been filled with noisy creditors, might be seen after dinner filled with the carriages of persons of rank. The fact was, that the discordant spouses could be very amiable before company. Hénault says, that he never would have done if he were to relate all the expedients resorted to, to keep up the credit of the house. One winter evening the Chevalier de Rohan, seeing the stove brightly lighted, and knowing that there was no wood in the house, had his suspicions. He placed his hand upon the stove, which was quite cold, and then he discovered that there was nothing inside it but a lamp. Hénault with another lived in the house during an entire Lent, having nothing in the form of good cheer but Brittany butter; "and," says the President, "had it been at all tolerable the Prince would have carried it off." There is much rare gossip and tales of intrigue and scandal in the *Mémoires*; but here we are compelled to take leave of them.

The town, within the last few months, has been entirely deluged with war books and war literature, in languages home and foreign. Still, we have two volumes more all the way from Wilna—*Stepy, Mouze, i Gory, &c.* ("The Steppes, the Sea, and the Mountains. Souvenirs of a Voyage in the Crimea"). The volumes have not above the ordinary degree of interest. The Crimea is already better known than are the wilds of Sutherlandshire, nearer home. Of Sevastopol he says:—

The streets are straight as a line, like the most part of new towns in Russia. The port is one of the noblest roads in Europe. The sea, here inclosed by the land, is entered by means of a channel, where the largest ships can anchor quite close to the shore, sheltered from every wind. On one side the channel is found the Admiralty; on the other, the town itself. A stair communicates with the sea. At the top there is a Greek portico, by which you enter the town. . . . The docks, which have cost immense sums, are solidly built of stone. In these docks are found the Varsovie of 120 guns, and the frigate Brailov. The great mass of the hull of the Varsovie appeared to us higher than a three-story house; but she is so damaged, we were told, that she is only fit to be taken to pieces. The waters of the harbour conceal, it is well known, the terrible destroyer of naval strength, a nearly imperceptible worm, the *Teredo navalis*. Every vessel attacked by this worm is unfit for service eight years after her construction. We saw also the Twelve Apostles, which had had her mainmast broken after the review of the Grand Duke Constantine. This vessel, which carries one hundred and twenty guns on six decks, is fitted up with immense luxury. At night a single light is seen on board, which is kept burning before the shrine of the Apostles.

He who would travel in quieter countries may take for his guide the book of M. Henri Nicolle—*Courses dans les Pyrénées, la Montagne et les Eaux* ("Rambles in the Pyrenees, the Mountains and the Waters"). By the Waters the reader will please to understand the waters frequented by invalids, as *Les Eaux-Chaudes* and *Les Eaux-Bonnes*. M. Nicolle is a pleasant guide, and also an instructive one. If you learn to laugh in his society, you learn also to reflect.

FRANCE.

LIFE IN FRANCE.
Les Petits Paris; par les Auteurs des Mémoires de Bilboquet. Paris: Tauride. 1854.
Paris-Restaurant ("Restaurants in Paris").
Paris-Vivre ("Good Living in Paris").
Paris-Gagne-petit ("Little Trades of Paris").
Paris-Grisette ("The Grisettes of Paris").
Paris-Comédien ("The Comedians of Paris").
 We take another little group of the *Petits-Paris*;

and take a brief survey of a few of the more interesting phases of Paris Life.

"You should know," writes the author of *Paris-Restaurant*, "that, for cookery, Paris is the most splendid and the poorest, the most enlightened and the filthiest, city in the world." This is perfectly true. To understand it, you should dine one day at the *Trois-Frères*, and next day eat *moue* at the *Barrier*.

IMPERFECTIONS OF THE GREAT RESTAURANTS.
 Let *Very* lay his hand upon his heart and ask himself if his *financiers* are always as they should be. Durand is distinguished and correct; but he often lacks invention and animation. You feel that the *chef* has not enough devil in him. The *Café Anglais* wants a chief editor.

THE ABUSE OF THE CARTE.

Look at the *carte*, that old-fashioned piece of childishness, which does nothing but parade before you myriads of names (representing more or less fantastic dishes), arranged in alphabetical order, beginning always with a melon, and ending with prunes. 'Tis the mere infancy of the art. Compare that pretentious piece of humbug with those simple bills of fare arranged by the great, the immortal *Carcéme*. (Honour to him!) What an immeasurable abyss! Eight dishes only for the first course, and eight for the second, in one of those dinners of old time, without counting soups, side-dishes, and other accessories. But how perfect it was! how finished! how rounded! Oh, *Mehot*! Oh, *Beauvilliers*! and thou, above all, *Carcéme*! Where are ye now, ye great men?

APHORISM.

If you consult the *carte* before ordering your dinner, you are lost. 'Tis like a poet running over a versifying dictionary.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE OLD RESTAURANTS AND THE NEW.

Hamel the elder, the immediate successor to the great *Véfour*, said to his son, who was then founding the *Café Hardy*: "There are a thousand reasons why one can only *dine* with you sometimes, but with us always, and in an infallible, uncontested style. . . . One cause, for example, is that we instantly remove a dish which has been objected to by a customer, and that without the slightest observation. You discuss, and argue about your dubious *entrées* or equivocal soles. If a customer complains, you send the head waiter to him, whose business it is to prove that the customer is utterly in the wrong. He gives in and pays; but think of the bitterness and dumb vengeance against the establishment which have accumulated in the depths of that stomach."

TWO APHORISMS.

Out of ten times that a customer complains, be sure that he is right eight times.

A true restaurateur only succeeds by the sacrifice of fish, fowl, and steaks. Two doubtful outlets will ruin a house.

FATHER VERDIER AND HIS SNUFF-BOX.

"Do you know how it happens that you have no true restaurateurs?" said Father Verdier to his sons, last summer, chatting on the steps of the *Maison d'Or*, "it is because you have no snuff-boxes.

"When I was in the market, when I had my youthful dreams and believed in sheep's trotters, I always took care to have an enormous snuff-box, which I presented affectionately to my customers, who helped themselves without the slightest scruple. What a snuff-box will do in the way of establishing a feeling between the customer and the restaurateur is unheard of. I, who speak to you, have offered snuff to Cambacérès, to M. de Sémonville, to Prince Gaftzin, M. de Sonza, M. Rougemont, M. Viennet, and M. de Narbonne, with a crowd of other great men whose names I have forgot. . . ."

Father Verdier has preserved his snuff-box religiously. . . . When you dine at the *Maison d'Or*, you may ask to see Father Verdier's snuff-box. It will cost you no addition to the bill.

PROBLEM.

Observe, that, out of a thousand errors in the casting-up of the bills, nine hundred and ninety are to the profit of the establishment, and ten, at the outside, in favour of the customers. Whence arises that disproportion?

Under the title *Le Diner de l'Exposition* we find a description of a saloon now in a state of preparation for the Paris Exhibition of 1855. It will be found in the *Passage d'Artois*, leading out of the *Boulevard des Italiens*.

The old *passage* will be an Alhambra, a fairy tale. Imagine this winter-palace of gastronomy, which promises shelter to cohorts of diners: camellias, cacti, geraniums, fluxias with their purple grapes, surround the tables; to say nothing of the paintings, the statues, the fountains, which neither at dinner nor at supper will cease murmuring amid a thousand jets of gas.

Compared with the immortal work of Brillat de Savarin, *Paris-Restaurant* is but a trifle; but it modernises the subject, nevertheless, and takes cognisance of the later modifications.

The word *Vivace* (the popular sense of which is not given in dictionaries) indicates a quality analogous to the English *fast living*.

THE MODERN USURER.

Do you believe in the old dramatic money-lender, of whom Balzac's *Gobæk* was the last incarnation? Dirty linen, darned stockings, lantern-shaped hat, and the coat of an old bailli of the Opéra Comique. No such thing! J.—, the Usurer, has yellow gloves like you and I. He has even a cabriolet. If you call upon him, whom do you expect to open the door? An old witch of a sorceress, or a skeleton clerk? Nothing of the sort; 'tis a young and handsome woman, with white skin, and curls falling upon the shoulders, who says to you, with an agreeable smile, "M.— is on the Exchange, and will be home again in an hour."

Everybody knows that Clichy is the Queen's Bench prison of Paris. Under our old system of "living within the rules," something paralleled to the following might have been found:—

THE SPENDTHRIFT AT CLICHY.

That poor dear Viscount, who has been sent to Clichy. How he is to be pitied! His father says that he is better there; that he must stay in prison for a year at least, to calm his passions and acquire a taste for regular life. Excellent father! How well he understands the human heart and the inside of Clichy! If he only knew the rascality a man amasses and the grogs that he consumes at Clichy! Bignon, the *restaurateur*, behaves very well to the little Viscount. He sends him game pies, fowls, fish, *pâtés de foie gras*, every day, with other articles of consumption and consolation. The poor prisoner dines as if he were on the Boulevard.

The tailor creates the dandy. Chevreuil the tailor was called the Raphael of the coat, the Correggio of the vest. Chevreuil was once put into Clichy by a creditor; for he, even he, found that dandies were not the best paymasters. The cloth-merchants subscribed and entreated Chevreuil to come out of prison; but Chevreuil remained, like Achilles in his tent, and threatened never to handle scissors more. At length the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce interfered, and at his earnest request Chevreuil consented to forgive the indignity to which he had been subjected.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHEVREUIL.

I beheld a man of middle size, with a lively and brilliant eye, hair in lustrous curls, and without any of that imposing and martial air which I had expected. There was much of the autocrat in the gesture and language of Chevreuil; but it was mitigated autocracy, seasoned with a natural good-humour and a great deal of intelligence. Directly he set eyes on me, he asked me to turn round, and, after he had glanced at the back of my coat, he said:—"Santis dresses you." "That is true; but how do you know?" By the showy and pretentious style. With one of Santis's coats you may be a dandy, but never an ambassador." . . . We asked the great artist to point out the particular portion of the vestment upon which his superiority depended. "These two transverse folds," said he, taking up a coat, "these two folds, which no one in the world but myself can execute, these are of themselves a world of art, of talent, and of combination. I spent ten years in discovering these. . . . A coat is an idea which floats around the body of a man. The great secret of a man who knows how to dress himself, is to dress as much as possible without appearing to do so. You should have a tailor who understands you, who realises you. I often travel post to London for no other purpose than to seek a waistcoat-piece, when I have to dress a customer to perfection. Gracious heavens! If you only knew what there is in a mere waistcoat!" . . . Chevreuil showed us a room filled with torn coats, which he termed his *errors*, or rather his *sketches*. "To dress a man well," said he, "you must study not only his exterior, but even his temperament, his character, before realising the garment which you have dreamt for him."

Paris *Gagne-petit* stands in comparison with Mr. Mayhew's *London Labour and the Poor* as a sonnet does beside an epic. Here are no statistics, no tables, no maps and plans of morality; simply a few rough sketches, dashed down by a not unskillful hand.

A DECAYING BUSINESS.

Look at Bisson and his wife, who do business on the Pont Neuf. Bisson and his wife share dogs, a trade which is rapidly declining; so Bisson and his wife are compelled to engage in a thousand other liberal professions,—such as *commissionnaire*, *shoeblacks*, &c.; he sells his dogs' hair to certain *matress-stuffers*, and his cats' skins to the rabbit-skin merchants, who dispose of them in turn to the manufacturers of Russian furs. Many a tender damsel, who weeps the loss of her Angora, carries him upon her arms in the form of cuffs, or on the hem of her robe in the shape of fur trimmings,

CANARDS (CATCH-PENNIES).

Room for the catch-penny seller!—who sells, for

the small charge of one halfpenny, the particulars of to-day's victory, to-morrow's fête, and the confession of a condemned criminal. The catch-penny is always illustrated. When seventy brigands were tried together some years ago, the catch-penny seller offered for sale full account of the trial, with the sentence of the court, adorned with portraits of the five principal criminals: but the first glance at the features of these terrible ruffians gave the lie direct to Lavater; for the astonished purchasers recognised, in the chief of the robbers and his four associates, no others than Chateaubriand, Beranger, Lamartine, Berryer, and La Fayette.

A seller of wax figures offered for sale the bust of the notary Peytel, who was condemned to death for killing his wife; but, as this produced no great effect upon the crowd, he offered also a bust of Balzac, who, believing Peytel to be innocent, had undertaken his defence: only, the image-man, in his simplicity, not understanding how Balzac had become mixed up in the affair, supposed, in his wisdom, that he must have aided the murderer in the accomplishment of his crime, and offered to the crowd, in all simplicity, the "infamous Peytel, and his accomplice, M. de Balzac."

A dinner for twopence is decidedly not dear. This luxury, as enjoyed by the frequenters of the *Halle* (Market) is as follows:—

The bill of fare is thus composed—

1 halfpenny, soup (vegetable).
1 ditto, bread.
1 ditto, plate of red beans.
1 ditto, cup of sweet coffee.

The meal is served in a very simple style. The table consists of an enormous block of wood, with holes hollowed out to serve as plates and dishes, with metal covers chained to the table. The meal over, a stream of water sluices down the table; and when that is dry the cloth is laid for the next part.

Not a meal for an epicure, but assuredly to be envied by many a fine gentleman in the Crimea.

THE MODEL.

Does not the Model belong to the great family of little trades? Every day poor devils, who know not where to lay their heads, carry them into the studio of the artist. The artist is a generous fellow, and shares his breakfast—often even his dinner—with the Model; so the latter is able to be very economical about his board; still more so as to his dress, for he spends the greater part of his time without any, and, if it were not for the requirements of public decency, he would walk from his garret to his studio in the costume of Antinous. Viewed in connection with the question of civil equality, and a just division of advantages between the two sexes, the Model probably stands alone. The stronger sex does not in this instance monopolise the great profits to the exclusion of the weaker. The advantage is even on the side of the woman. You cannot get a Nymph for less than a franc an hour; but a Jupiter Olympus may be had for fifteen sous.

Public opinion is more effectual in France than an Act of Parliament in England; judge by the story of the Cane-seller:—

"Here you are! Beat your coats and your wives for a penny." Sanval quotes this in his "Antiquities" as the traditional cry of the cane-seller; but it was discontinued until one day, when an old Jew, well-known in the Quartier Maubert, took it into his head to revive it. All the women of the neighbourhood surrounded him in a trice, seasoning a shower of blows with threats and imprecations. "Ah! beat your wives, eh?" cried the women, to the unhappy Jew; "Wretch! Monster! Brute!" The poor devil would have been infallibly torn to pieces but for the intervention of the police; and ever since that the cane-sellers have contented themselves with inviting the men to beat their clothes.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

But see, the flower-girl comes to perfume the air with her pinks and violets. The age of the flower-girl varies from fifteen to sixty. There is the child-like flower-girl, fresh, laughing, nimble; there is the old flower-girl, wrinkled, bent, and grey; the smart flower-girl, and the flower-girl in rags.

Formerly there was upon the Boulevard one who was called the *pretty flower-girl*; but she lasted no longer than the *pretty oyster-girl*, and the *pretty seller of lemonade*, who preceded her into the tomb of oblivion.

The flower is now only a disguise for mendicity.

The subject of the Grisette (properly so called) has been so thoroughly sounded by Messrs. Albert Smith, Percy B. St. John, and other equally competent authorities upon that branch of natural history, that it would be superfluous to do more than just touch upon it and pass on. The writer of this treatise strenuously denies the assertion of those who suppose that the grisette race is extinct. In his opinion the grisette is everlasting; she has been, she is, and she will be, so long as the French nation preserves an individual character upon the earth. But how to distinguish her? *Cucullus non facit monachum*, nor does the cap make the grisette: "He who takes every woman in a cap for a grisette ex-

poses himself to the danger of paying his addresses to a nurse-maid or a cook." Nor is the grisette to be confounded with the dress-maker (*modiste*).

The grisette is no more like the *modiste* than the latter resembles the shop-girl. Profound observers will tell you that between the *modiste* and the grisette is the insurmountable abyss of Literature. A large proportion of the blue stockings have begun by being *modistes*. The *modiste* likes to receive letters four pages long. She judges a man by his style. The grisette can scarcely read or write. . . . Ignorance saves the grisette; orthography is the destruction of the *modiste*.

The grisette of literature, the grisette of Paul de Kock and the *vaudevilles*, is, after all, but a phantom—or, at least, no more than the tradition of what she used to be. The grisette has progressed with the times. M. Louis Huart, of the *Charivari*, declares that the grisette has a strong inclination for chestnuts and *galette*. So she has (says the author of this treatise); but she prefers truffles and bonbons; lobster salad she has a weakness for, and cider ranks as nothing in her estimation when compared with champagne.

What is a grisette? The Dictionary of the Academy replies: "Noun substantive, feminine—*A girl or young woman of mediocre condition*."

A few anecdotes of the green-room, selected from *Paris-Comédien*, and we have done:—

LIGIER.

Ligier speaks slowly, and pauses whilst he talks; and, as he is generally thinking of something quite distinct from that which he is talking about, he never expresses himself without making all sorts of blunders. Some one, who has given a signal to the bystanders, begins a conversation with him, something in this style:—"I met you to-day." "Yes, I was out. I was going to the *Faubourg*—" "Montmartre?" breaks in the other. "Yes, to the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*; that is, no, to the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*. I was going to the Minister—" "Of Public Instruction?" "Yes, to the Minister of Public Instruction. What am I saying? It was to the Minister of the Interior; but I didn't see him; so as I returned I met—" "A balloon?" "Yes, a balloon; that is, I met Geoffroy, and we went—" "To Bercy?" "Yes, to Bercy; I mean to the *Bois de Boulogne*." This sometimes lasts for half an hour; the company bursting with laughter, and Ligier alone perceiving nothing.

An old actor will sometimes entertain such a love for his art, that nothing can entirely disconnect him from it.

After Brunet had retired, he came every evening behind the scenes at the *Variétés*, dressed as if he was to appear before the public. "I fancy the call-boy is going to call me," said he. One day he asked to be allowed to play the part of a landlord, who was not even to appear upon the stage, and had nothing to do but knock three times at the door. On this occasion he dressed with great care: large frock coat; shoes with buckles; exactly the costume of the landlord of a farce.

MADEMOISELLE MARS.

After one of her most brilliant triumphs, a young lady, who bore a great name well-known in Parisian society, called upon her, accompanied by her governess. This young girl, who was scarcely sixteen years old, beautiful and amiable, had struggled a long time against a very decided taste for the stage. "Madame," said she to Mlle. Mars, "I was present yesterday at your great success. I have seen you in the midst of your glory, and I could not resist the desire of coming to congratulate you myself." There was in the tone with which these words were uttered so much warmth and enthusiasm, that Mlle. Mars sat at once how the case stood. "Have you only come to congratulate me?" asked the illustrious actress, with a smile. "I confess," said the young girl, "that I wished to consult you. In spite of my fortune and the rank of my family, I feel irresistibly attracted towards that intoxicating existence of the theatre; and I too wish to gather laurels at the tree of Fame."—"My child," replied Mlle. Mars, "I can only confess to you, in reply, that, after all the success which I have achieved, if I were to begin life anew, I would sooner be a seamstress than an actress." The young lady gazed upon her stupidified; while Mlle. Mars showed her the reverse of the medal, and discovered all the thorns in that crown of which the public only sees the flowers; so that, when they parted, the young girl was completely cured of her illusions. When they separated, Mlle. Mars gave her, with rare self-denial, one last lesson, which made a profound impression upon the young girl: "Adieu," said she; "and never confess to your mother that you have visited *Céline*."

The caprices of actors are well known; but it is not often that they go so far as the following:—

A dramatist took a piece to Frederic, who asked for eight days to read it. At the end of that time, the author called upon the comedian. "My dear sir,"

said Frederic, "I have read your piece, and it is very good; but there is no part in it."—"No part!" replied the astonished author; "why, there are three splendid parts."—"That is exactly what I mean; when there are three parts in a piece, there is none for me."

Arnal stipulates in his engagements that he shall only play in the pieces of his accustomed authors.

Even the oldest and most experienced actors are subject to a nervous agitation on the night of a first representation. The technical term for this upon the French stage is the *taf*; and the great actor, Frederic, is accustomed to guard against its effects by swallowing a bottle of Bordeaux before appearing.

One evening Harel saw him emptying a bottle in the wing. "What's that for?" said he.—"I am drowning the *taf*," replied Frederic. After the first act Harel approached Frederic, who had acted magnificently. "The *taf* is completely drowned, I hope." "Not quite—the rascal swims still. I must make an end of him"—and he drank another bottle. That evening Frederic's success was complete.

Enough for the present. Hereafter, the wide field of the *Petits-Paris* may afford us another profitable gleaming.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Jan. 30.

Arrivals from the East—Speculations for the Exhibition—The Quinzaine Littéraire—The Greek Revolution, by the Greek Ambassador in London—Le Tsar et la Sainte Russie—Pouschkine and Prince Miloradowitz—Flourens on Human Longevity—Arago's Works—Legouvé's "Médée"—Scribe's "La Zarine" and Mlle. Rachel—The "Sans-le-Sou."

PARIS is not itself, nor will it be until we have either good news from the East or a trace in consequence of the negotiations at Vienna, which many well-informed persons think more seriously of than would be imagined from the tone of the newspapers. The great obstacle lies in the suspicions justly entertained of the good faith of Russia. Were the Czar sincere in his acceptance of the third point—having for object the suppression of his domination in the Black Sea—but *Hic niger est*. The constant prevarication and general character of Russian policy forbid any dependence on that quarter. In the mean time, both sides would be glad of an armistice, for the Russians are almost as badly off as the English. The French are not much better; but they have been so accustomed to roughing it in all seasons in the detestable climate in Africa that they are even prepared for the worst.

An officer recently arrived from the Crimea had written for publication a narrative of the events of the campaign, with an accurate description of the state of the troops. As he made no secret of his intention, it reached the ear of the Minister of War. His Excellency desired to see the manuscript, and immediately afterwards sent for the author, complimented him on his talent, but requested him not to publish it—dwelling strongly on the mischief which had been done by the intelligence published from the seat of war, and most particularly by some of the English journals, by means of which the enemy had obtained information on certain points, the secrecy of which was of the utmost importance to the allies. One of these he particularly specified, which had cost the armies a fearful amount of blood and treasure. The MS. was not published; but, what was perhaps better for all parties, it was shown the Emperor, in consequence of which the author had the honour of an audience, and subsequently received a handsome present from his Majesty.

Great expectations are entertained, by the hotel-keepers and other Parisian tradesmen, of the fortunes to be extracted from the pockets of the "half-million of strangers" they expect to visit the *Grande Exposition* this summer. Hundreds of quiet housekeepers in the retired streets, who never in their lives dreamt of speculations of any kind before, are now literally "putting their houses in order"—not in a Scriptural sense, but with a view of letting them during the time of the Exhibition to hotel-keepers and the purveyors of lodgings, who seem to be starting up on all sides. In fine, the *Exposition* mania is already at fever heat; and, by the time the opening takes place, Paris threatens to be raving mad.

You have heard, of course, of the "Grand Diner de l'Exposition" speculation in the Rue Lafitte, where you are received by a master of ceremonies in something resembling a court uniform, with an awful gilt chain round his neck, and attended by waiters attired in flashy liveries, and, especially for the English *beau monde*, smart little dwarfish grooms, belted and booted—domestic seldom seen in England out of the stable, never in a drawing-room. The place is splendidly got up, brilliantly lighted; and, in fact, everything looks very fine—much too fine for the comfort of the guests. The only fault found is, that the quantity of edibles is insufficient. This defect, however, is easily amended; and it is but just to admit that the dinner is excellent, always supposing that the visitor knows what to call for—point, I regret to say, that puzzles many strangers, particularly Englishmen. It is, in fact, something like a lottery

to a foreigner to select his dinner from a catalogue of five hundred dishes. In these cases a *friend* who knows is invaluable. The wise unacquainted to the *ways* never visit those places for the first time alone. Thus far the "Dîner de l'Exposition" answers admirably, and is daily crowded to excess—a success which has led to the starting of hosts of competitors. Touching the Exhibition itself, very few of the articles to be displayed have yet been forthcoming, although the termination of the period announced for the reception of certain kinds of manufactures has arrived. A further delay is, of course, granted.

The *Quinzaine Littéraire* has been rather busy; and, besides the usual cloud of ephemeral productions, that make a rapid transit from the booksellers' shelves to that limbo of literature the green-grocer's, has produced some readable works. The post of honour we must assign to the second volume of the "Greek Revolution," by M. Tricoupi, the Greek Ambassador in London. It is printed in London, in the *αὐλὴ τῶν ἑρμηνῶν λιτότερος*, as the title-page informs us, but published in Paris, by Durand and Co. The first volume, as you are aware, produced a marked sensation on your side of the Channel, where plenty of scholars are to be found, for whom M. Tricoupi's modern Greek was perfectly intelligible. Here, however, with the exception of about half a dozen people, the book remained as completely unknown as though it had been written in Chinese. It were desirable, on that account, that it were translated into French; for that of Soutzo, which is still quoted as an authority in political circles here, bears as much relation to the "Greek Revolution," as that puffed fiction, Lamartine's "Girondists," to the sad tragedy enacted in France in the terrible "An Deux de la République."

M. Tricoupi's second volume contains the narrative of the progress of the war of independence during the years 1821 and 1822. They compose the capture by the Greeks of Monembasia, Navarino, Tripolitza, Corinth, Athens, Nauplia; the massacres of Chios and Cassandra; the convocation of the first National Assembly at Epidaurus; the wars of Suli, of Candia, Negropont; the invasion of Peloponnesus; the memorable siege of Missolonghi; and other facts, which raised almost as much admiration for Grecian valour, as Greek meanness and duplicity have since called down reprobation and disgust. We also find in it interesting details on the two great parties who maintained so persevering a struggle for supremacy during the war: the "Civilians," comprising the clerical notabilities, arrayed under the banner of Alexander Maurocordatos; and the "Warriors," who recognised for their chief Kolocotronis. Maurocordatos was a Phanariot, wealthy, wily, and determined; Kolocotronis had been a Klepht, i.e., a kind of privileged highwayman, who had in turns served and betrayed Turkey, France, and England. He has been felicitously described as the *πολυμαντής θύερος* of the Greek revolution. The struggle was long and obstinate, but the superior capabilities of Maurocordatos at length prevailed, and all the chiefs, following the example of Markos O Botzaris, recognised him as their leader.

The incidents of the war, the *λόγια ἀγώνων*, are described by Mr. Tricoupi with a power of delineation and a concision which abundantly prove his qualifications as an historian. We select the following, at random, from his work:—

"The defence of the Thermopylae was entrusted to Drakos, and a chosen band, a numerous body of the enemy had forced the entrance of the pass, and the Greeks, exposed to a murderous fire, took to flight, and their chief remains alone, surrounded by a few trusty companions. His son by adoption brings him his horse—but receives the answer that 'Drakos never flies.' He is surrounded by the enemy, and, after a vigorous defence, is made prisoner, and taken before the Pasha, who offers him the choice between a lingering death, and his liberty with a post in the Turkish army. He balances not an instant, but selects the former alternative, exclaiming, 'There is more than one Drakos yet in Greece!' Led to the place of execution by a troop of Arnaout irregulars, he implores them to shoot him, and thus rescue him from the torture which await him; but they return no answer. He then throws a last fond look at the gorgeous Thessalian landscape which bounds the horizon, glowing with the tints of a Grecian spring, and, repeating the last lines of a well-known national air,

Γὰ δὴ καιρὸς τον διάλιτεν ὁ Χάρος νά με τάρη
Τάρη π' ἀνθίζουν τὰ κλαδά, ναὶ θυμ' ἡ γὰρ χορταζεῖ,
he gave himself to his executioners. He was impaled and roasted before a slow fire, and only expired after three hours of most excruciating torture."

M. Tricoupi writes modern Greek with great clearness, elegance, and such classical purity of idiom, that to a reader of Xenophon and Thucydides, his volumes will prove as agreeable as they are instructive.

Passing events impart an additional interest to a well-written little volume just published by M. Gallet de Kulture, under the title of "Le Tsar et la Sainte Russie," in which the late Emperor Alexander, who has been the object of much adulation in France, for his mildness, humanity, and comparative liberality, is represented under colours not quite so flattering. The following anecdote, which relates to Pouschkine, the only poet worth speaking of which Russia pos-

sesses, will show how this enlightened monarch understood the liberty of the Press:—

Pouschkine, on his *début* in the literary world, published an ode, in which he poured forth the whole poetry of his soul, and which created a decided impression at St. Petersburg; but, unfortunately, it contained a few passing allusions to the politics of the day. Soon after, he received an order to call on the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, Prince Miloradowitz. The poet felt anything but comfortable on being introduced to the great man's presence; but the bland smile and courteous reception he met with soon restored all his self-possession. After some conversation, Miloradowitz produced the ode from a drawer under his table, and asked if he (Pouschkine) acknowledged them as his own. A reply in the affirmative was immediately returned. "It is a very remarkable production, Monsieur Pouschkine (pursued his Excellency); these lines have vigour, brilliancy—they contain more than a promise. You are a man of talent, M. Pouschkine; and it were a thousand pities that your career were stopped at its outset. But I would recommend you to eschew politics—they are very ticklish ground for poets to tread on; and power is the true source of all perfection. His Majesty, our gracious master, has read your verses: he might, in the unerring exercise of his justice, have considered you as a state criminal; but he has preferred to look on your error with clemency, and you will therefore come off quite easily with a slight punishment."

"A punishment!" repeated Pouschkine, in a state of consternation easily imagined.

"A mere nothing, my dear sir; a young girl might take it without wincing—thirty blows with a rod!"

"But the disgrace!"

"Young man," retorted Miloradowitz, sternly, "I am shocked beyond expression. Know that there can be no disgrace in complying with the paternal orders of his Majesty." And, taking the young man by the arm, he led him to a door at the further end of the room. "Now go in there," he pursued, "and do not feel the least uneasiness; in a moment all will be over.

The room in which Pouschkine was thus ushered was a low-roofed chamber, receiving but a small portion of light through a glazed opening in the ceiling. A high-backed arm-chair occupied the centre, and at each side stood a stalwart grenadier armed with a long slim cane. A corporal was also present, evidently to preside over the operation. He placed his hand on Pouschkine's shoulders, and in an instant divested him of his coat and waistcoat, and then proceeded to take down his trousers. A happy idea, however, struck the poet; he pushed aside the corporal, and, pulling up his unmentionables, rushed back to the salon, where he found Miloradowitz quietly seated at his *bureau*. "I beg your Excellency's pardon, but it has not been specified whether the punishment was to be inflicted with or without trousers." The question rather puzzled his Excellency, as the case had evidently not been provided against; but after a minute's consideration he replied—"As the punishment is intended to be severe, it must be without trousers." And a second time he rose from his chair, and with the utmost courtesy conducted Pouschkine to the den where his tormentors awaited him, and withdrew after a significant glance at the soldiers. They at once seized its meaning, and belaboured him with their sticks in the most cruel manner. Pouschkine did not undergo his punishment with stoic calmness; the pain and shame wrung from him floods of tears; and this event threw a shadow over his existence which no after impression could succeed in effacing; and, although he subsequently became attached to the court of the present Emperor as historian and gentleman of the chamber, he preserved to the last an invincible hatred of the Government. On his deathbed, however, he destroyed all he had written against Muscovite despotism, and received in exchange a promise that his wife and children should be provided for by the state—a promise which the Czar has religiously fulfilled.

A very curious work, from the pen of M. Flourens, one of our scientific *écrivains*, entitled *De la Longévité humaine, et de la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe*, has attracted some attention. The learned gentleman fixes one hundred years as the minimum of human life, and all who die before that age are victims, either to over-exertion, mental and physical, or dissipation—in fact, are guilty of a kind of suicide, inasmuch as if they allowed nature to have her own way, the great majority of men would, in all probability, live two hundred years, and, still more, preserve to the end all their faculties unimpaired.

The second volume of the late M. Arago's works is just out; it consists of the biographical notices published at various times by that highly-gifted, but most partial of *savants*; and of the first part of the work that will immortalise his name, *L'Astronomie populaire*. The most interesting portion of the book to a general reader is a short postscript, written but a few hours before his death:—"Galileo, then struck with blindness, wrote, in the year 1660, that to an author the using the eyes and hands of another to get through his self-allotted task, was as playing chess with bandaged eyes. For myself, in the state of health in which I find myself at present, dictating these last few lines, deprived of sight, and holding but a few days' tenure

of existence, I have only time to confide to friendly, active, and devoted hands, the publication of a work, the inestimable boon of supervising which I am denied by Providence."

The year has, as yet, produced no good dramatic work; the most talked of is M. Legouvé's *Médée*, in which it seems Mlle. Rachel refused, on second thoughts, the principal character, after having accepted it at first. Hence arose a correspondence between the poet and actress, in which each said the most biting things possible to the other, but in the most civil manner. M. Legouvé finally brought an action against the lady for damages, for refusing the part she had originally accepted. Mlle. Rachel was condemned by the court to act the part within a certain day, or pay twenty pounds damages for every twenty-four hours delay. She, however, appealed, and by some hocus-pocus, under the mask of law, the judgment of the "court below" was quashed in consequence of the undisguised interference of the Ministre d'Etat. All this turmoil, however, made people talk, and on its publication *Médée* was eagerly sought for and read. The critics, who happen to be friends of the author, I perceive, establish a direct rivalry with the tragedy of Euripides, but insist that

it is vastly superior. It is, in reality, a respectable tragedy, certainly much better calculated to display the talents of Mlle. Rachel, than many modern works she has appeared in; but M. Legouvé is not quite up to the mark of the old *Médées*. The truth is, these classic personages excite little sympathy on our modern stage.

This brings me to the subject of Rachel and Scribe's new drama, *La Czarine*,—a kind of melodramatic play, in which the tragedienne acts the part of the Empress Catherine. It is quite unsuited to bring her talents into play save in a scene or two—in one of which that half-insane despot, Peter I., her husband, takes her to a window to witness the execution of her lover. She is wonderfully great, and the scene saved the play. Scribe has now been writing for more than thirty years, and his pen bears evident symptoms of approaching the stump. There was some applause on the first night of *La Czarine*—but no enthusiasm.

A number of books *de circonstance* have also seen the light—the principal being *Influence des Idées Anglaises et Germaniques*, by one M. Laudun, on whom the alliance evidently does not smile. His opinions may be summed up in Froissart's pithy exclamation—

"La France n'a besoing d'aides. Foin des Anglais et des Allemands!" A *Voyage in the Crimea*, by a Tartar, has but one thing to recommend it—its title, which will puzzle all unacquainted with the dialect of Crim Tartary—*Stepy, Moeze, i Gory* (Anglice, "The Steppe, the Sea, the Mountain.") The host of literary small fry which also clamour for notice must be dismissed with a plain *xaipari*; suffice it for the reader to know that, in their case, "non" nominari "non" est laudari.

The quondam writers of the *Mousquetaire*—whom their autocrit, Alexandre Dumas, sent, some time since, most unceremoniously to the right-about, upon a remonstrance against the insertion of an article which they considered disgraceful to the paper—have been making a desperate effort to retrieve "their fallen fortunes and their fame" by setting up an opposition print. It is, or rather was—for it has already ceased to exist—called *Le Sans-le-Sou*; i. e. "The Pennyless." The funds not being forthcoming for the expense of printing the paper, the cheaper mode of writing it by lithography was resorted to; and, as wits are proverbial for the bad writing, the journal was literally *unreadable*. *Requiescat!*

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

SUMMARY.

The Cambrian Archaeological Association held its eighth annual meeting on the 13th of September, under the presidency of F. R. West, Esq., M.P., at Ruthin, where a museum of Welsh antiquities was formed in the County Hall. A paper on the History of Ruthin Castle was read by the chairman, the production of the late Dr. Ingram, the Anglo-Saxon Professor of the University of Oxford. On the following day, after inspecting the objects of interest in and near the town, the members met at the Castle to partake of the hospitality of the president. In the evening, W. W. S. Wynne, Esq., M.P., read a paper on the discovery of an urn, supposed to contain the ashes of Gwén, a warrior celebrated in the struggles of the Celt and Saxon, and son of the warrior poet Llywarch Hén, or the aged. The Rev. D. Davies, of Llanwrog, Montgomeryshire, read a valuable paper on the antiquities of his own parish, including a detailed description of recent Roman and British discoveries of considerable interest and importance, at a spot called Caersws. The situation of this spot is at a point where four streams of some magnitude meet, the Carno, the Cerist, the Taranon, and the Severn. There are the remains of a rectangular camp 200 yards by 100, encompassed by a ditch, which is noticed by Camden in his "Britannia." Coins, fragments of earthenware, and other Roman remains, had from time to time been found here; and at length, through the zeal and under the direction of Mr. Davies, excavations were undertaken. Beneath the earthen dyke was found in one spot the foundation of two circular walls whose ground plan is aptly represented by the figure 8; the walls, about a foot high, were cemented, or the interstices of the stones filled in, with clav. Each circle is about four feet in diameter. Mr. Davies conjectures that these may be the traces of the circular British huts, over whose ruins the agger of the camp was thrown. Hewn stones, marked by fire, were found in the camp, ashes, a granite quern, and an iron sword-blade or lance-head. In a field to the south of the camp, where fragments of Roman wall-plaster had been observed, an excavation was also made, which brought to light the traces of a villa. A stone-paved passage and four apartments were found. The room west of the passage had a floor of cement, in which pounded brick was used. In the east room two fragments of inscribed bricks were found—one with the inscription, CICF; the other with LEG; also a piece of Roman glass, probably the handle of a vessel; and a bronze amulet. In the room to the south were found other inscribed bricks, one having the letters CIF, and underneath SPP. The floor of this room was of better construction than the others; fragments of hexagonal tiles were found in it, which had perhaps formed part of a pavement. At the end of the paved passage was found a room, on a lower level than the others, which seemed to have been a bath; the floor was tiled, and the outside of the walls puddled with well-wrought clay. The length of the side of the villa which has been explored is 120 feet. In the north end of the building was found a walled grave, full of decayed bones. Near the bank of the Carno was found a singular well, walled round, which was cleared of rubbish to the depth of 16 feet (without, apparently, the bottom having been reached). Mr. Davies conjectures that it was a draw-well; may it not have been one of the rubbish pits which are found near Roman stations? About two years ago, and at pre-

vious periods, numbers of bronze, silver, and gold coins, a sepulchral urn containing human bones, a brazen pan, a gold chain, a silver sword-hilt, &c., have been found in places contiguous to the camp. It would appear from these remains that this was a Roman station of some importance. This is further evident from the fact that six Roman roads may be traced, diverging from this station. Mr. Davies suggests that it may be the hitherto undetermined city of Mediolanum, the chief city of the Ordovices, and one of the most important during the Roman era in the western division of the island. The main road, says Mr. Davies, through the province of Britannia Secunda runs from Maridunum (Carmarthen) to the station of Gaer, near Builth, and thence over the Llandinian hills to Caersws, the place under consideration; thence it is traced forward over Gwynfynydd, in the direction of Deva (or Chester). The other main road ran from Uronicum (Worcester), close to Shrewsbury, through the station of Rutunium or Bowtown, along the vale of the Severn to Caersws, and thence through Carno to Cefn Caer and Mona Herri, and to Segontium, the present Carnarvon. Caersws was thus the point of intersection of the two great Roman roads through Wales. It has been conjectured that Mediolanum means "the middle station," to which title the position of Caersws answers; Mediolanum is also described as "a water-guarded spot"—a description sufficiently fulfilled by the four streams which here meet.

The position of this station has been a subject of frequent discussion. Camden supposed that it might be Llanvyllyn, about three miles from Mathravall; Gibson suggested the village of Meivod, about a mile distant; Horsley fixed upon Drayton-on-Fern, in Shropshire; and Whitaker appears to incline to Whitchurch, in the same county; other writers have suggested Meddle, in the same county; the advocates for a Shropshire site believing that the Mediolanum of the 10th Iter of Antoninus is the same as the station of the same name in the 2nd Iter. None of these supposed sites have, however, afforded the Roman traces which we require as evidence of their claim. The evidence in favour of Mr. Davies's conjecture appears to us to be highly worthy of further consideration. That gentleman's excavations were interrupted by a proper consideration for the farming operations of the occupier of the land; but he proposes to resume them. We would suggest to him, among other things, to empty to the bottom the "singular well"; should it turn out as we have conjectured to be, a "rubbish-pit," it will be strong evidence in favour of the contiguity of a permanent station; and we cordially wish him the success which his zeal merits in the determination of this interesting point in Romano-Cambrian archaeology.

On the Friday the society visited Eyrath, Efned-y-tud, and early remains on the adjacent mountains, and in Pool Park. On Saturday, Denbigh, St. Asaph, and Rhuddlan; Llangollen and Ruge on Monday and Tuesday; but we have left ourselves no space for further details.

At the meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society on Dec. 4, Mr. C. C. Babington communicated a detailed account of the interesting excavations of tumuli at Bincorne, in Dorsetshire, made in 1842 by the Rev. J. J. Smith, drawn up from the original notes in the possession of the society. It is an example worthy of imitation. Many of our archaeological societies have masses of valuable materials which are useless to science, because no one, when the first interest of a discovery is over, will take the

trouble to draw up a connected and useful record of the discoveries as Mr. Babington has thus done.

At the meeting of the *Antiquaries* on Dec. 21, among other communications, Mr. Gill sent an account of a Roman pavement discovered last autumn at Oulston, near Easingwold.

At the meeting of the *British Archaeological Association*, Dec. 13, Mr. Clarke, of Easton, announced the discovery of some Roman coins, together with a large flint arrow-head, at that place. Mr. Wakeman, of Monmouth, noticed the discovery of a leaden coffin inclosed within a stone case, concerning which further particulars and drawings were directed to be obtained. Sir Fortunatus D'Warris exhibited some very rare Roman coins lately found near Brecon, the property of Colonel Watkyns, M.P. One is thus described: "CÆSAR AUGUSTUS, bare head of Augustus; reverse, SIGNIS RECEPTIS S. P. Q. R., a buckler between two standards. It was struck on the recovery of the standards of the three legions which VARUS lost in Germany." Another has "IMP. CÆSAR VESPASIANUS; reverse, PON. MAX. TR. P. COS. V., a caduceus." Another, "IMP. C. P. LIG. VALERIANUS (AUGG.); reverse, VICTORIA AUGG; Victory with shield and palm." At the same meeting Mr. G. V. Irving read a paper on the geography of the wars of the Saxons in Northumberland with the northern Britons.

The *Somersetshire Archaeological Society* held a conversazione on the 8th inst., at which Mr. E. Batten, of Lincoln's Inn, read a paper on the life of Roger Bacon, the great 13th-century scholar and philosopher; and a paper was read by the Rev. Mr. Scarth, of Bath, on the lead and stone coffins, inscriptions, and other Roman remains which have been discovered at Bathwick, Combe Down, &c., which have previously been noticed in our Summary.

No. 2 of the 2nd volume of the *Proceedings of the Suffolk Institute of Archaeology* is chiefly devoted to the illustration of the architectural remains at Long Melford in that county. The interesting church and its monuments are described by Mr. Almack, F.S.A.; all our readers will take an interest in it in connection with the remarkable catalogue of the furniture and utensils belonging to it in 1529, which was published by the Camden Society. Melford Hall, and Kentwell Hall in Melford, form the subject of two excellent papers by Mr. Tymms, full of the interesting biographical anecdotes and choice extracts from old leases and charters and inventories which conjure up such graphic pictures of the everyday domestic life of our forefathers: we note especially some curious passages in the courtship of the quondam antiquary Sir Simonds D'Ewes, who married Anne, heiress of the Barnardistons. The part contains a woodcut of a Saxon pendant ornament of gold, found at Palgrave in 1851, and of a British cinerary urn, one of five found at Sothe Ash. Of five coloured lithographs of mural paintings recently disclosed on the walls of Bardwell Church, one figure of a crowned skeleton, with loathsome accompaniments, is described as the King of Terrors; there were three of these figures, and "beyond them some remains so mutilated that no drawing could be made of them." We would suggest that the whole formed a representation of the popular medieval *Moralité*, entitled "Le lit des trois morts et des trois vifs," usually consisting of three kings robed and crowned, followed by three anatomies, each with the mockery of a kingly crown. An engraving of one of these, from Ditchingham Church, Norfolk, is given in the *Archaeological Journal*, Vol. V., p. 69. Another

existed in Battle Church, Sussex. This lesson on the vanity of earthly things appears to have been common in the 11th century, as the "Dance of Death" was at the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries. On the whole, this is a very excellent number, and fully maintains the position which the Suffolk Institute has attained among the county societies.

The *Surrey Archaeological* has just issued a brief report of its first year's career. We have already noticed its two successful general meetings, and we look with interest for the publication of its volume of Transactions. The report apologises for its delay, and we shall be doing the society a service, perhaps, by hinting that the cause is the delay of some of the members in paying their subscriptions.

An interesting discovery has recently been made near Ipswich, on a farm, the property of John Orford, of the foundation walls of a *Roman building*, with considerable portions of tessellated pavement.

The Royal Institute of British Architects has occupied several sittings in the discussion of drawings of some of the great *Buildings of the City of Beejapore*, introduced by Mr. Fergusson, a brief account of which will interest our readers. Mr. Fergusson gave a brief historical outline introductory to the subject. Mahomed of Guznee's famous raid to Somnauth was the first great Mahomedan invasion of India; he, however, made no permanent settlement on our side of the Indus; and it was not till two centuries later that Kutuk-u-Deen established himself at Delhi, in 1206. He was the actual founder of the Patan dynasty, which lasted for nearly three centuries. Towards the end of that period the dynasty began to decay, and the remoter provinces of the empire were able to assert their independence, and establish themselves as separate sovereignties. The last which thus became independent was Beejapore, in 1501, under Yusuf Khan, a son of Amurath II. of Anatolia. The first three or four kings did nothing remarkable; but after the defeat of Ramraj of Vyanuggar, their successors became rich and powerful; and during the century which elapsed between that event and the final subjection of the kingdom by Aurungzebe, in 1685, the successive monarchs adorned their capital with a great number of magnificent buildings, which are in the Saracenic style, with some intermixture of native Hindoo feeling in the details. The most remarkable of these is the Gol Goomuz, the Tomb of Muhammed, who died in 1629: it consists of a square apartment, 135 feet each way, with small octagonal towers at the angles, surmounted by a dome, 175 feet high internally. The remarkable feature of the building is the dome and the way in which it is supported. In the first place it is one of the largest domes in the world, and it covers more ground clear of support than any other, without exception: the diameter of the Pantheon is 142 feet; of St. Peter's, Rome, 139; of Sta. Maria, Florence, 139; of St. Paul's, London, 112; of Sta. Sophia, Constantinople, 107; of the Tomb at Beejapore, 135 feet. In the next place, its mode of support is very singular. The other great modern domes are strengthened with iron at the base, and have great masses of masonry at the haunches to withstand the outward thrust; St. Paul's is not fairly a dome, but a cone, with its lower course prevented from giving way outwardly by an iron chain, the outer and inner visible surfaces being mere shells of domes, supported by and concealing the constructive cone. In this case the tendency of the dome to thrust the top of the supporting wall outward, by the outward spread of its base, is counteracted by a very heavy internal cornice, whose tendency is to drag the top of the wall inward; this cornice extends about 18 feet inward from the internal line of the wall; it is arranged into a series of pendants supported on arches; so that the weight of the cornice cannot actually overpower the expansion of the dome and fall inwards. According to Mr. Fergusson, this method of supporting a dome is unique; and he prophesies that hereafter no one will venture to write a work upon domes without including the tomb of Muhammed of Beejapore as one of the most remarkable specimens of its class.

There were upwards of seventy drawings, which do not, however, include more than a small portion of the interesting buildings of this city, which were erected, it is remembered, within the short space of about a century. Among them is the Tomb of Ibrahim, a square building, covered with a dome smaller than that of Muhammed, but remarkable for the beautiful ornamentation which is lavished upon it; the whole is coloured, gilt, and finished with a profusion of labour and intricacy of design which puts the Alhambra and all western buildings to shame, and can only be found in the far East. Another building illustrated by the collection of drawings is the Mehtree Mahalt, a private dwelling; although only 24 feet square and 50 feet high, it must have been a very costly erection. Every part of its walls, floors, and partitions is built of stone, and some parts of it are carved with an elaborateness only to be found in India; still, as is to be observed in the drawings, the architects were not afraid of plain surfaces—all the walling being entirely without ornament, which gives value to the more enriched details. We have, says Mr. Fergusson, no buildings in Europe which can compete with this. Such a one as Roslin Chapel, for instance, is coarse and plain in comparison; and, except the shrines in the interior of our Gothic

cathedrals, nothing is ornamented to the same extent—indeed, words can convey no adequate idea of such an edifice. We ought certainly to have had an Indian Court at the Sydenham Palace.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society (Dec. 16) Professor Wilson called attention to a Hindoo newspaper, containing an article, by a Hindoo gentleman, on an ancient stone pillar recently brought from Ghazipur, and erected in front of the new college at Benares. Up to this time the natives have shown perfect indifference as to their own most interesting archaeology.

Col. Rawlinson has sent to the British Museum a communication on the subject of his recent excavations in the famous mound of Birs-Nemroud. This mound has been so often engraved, and its external appearance described by travellers, that its general features will be tolerably familiar to our readers. It is a huge shapeless mound, rising out of the plain 300 feet high, and surmounted by what appears to be a ruined tower. At a particular point near one corner of the mound, Col. Rawlinson directed that a shaft should be sunk until a wall or a terrace-floor was reached, and then that the wall or terrace should be followed up horizontally, to the right or left, until the extremity of the return wall should be found. After two months' labour, the Colonel was summoned to the spot by the intelligence that a wall had been found; that it had been followed in each direction, till its whole length of 190 feet was laid bare; and it was found that it returned at each end, and indicated three sides of a wall carried all round that part of the mound, surmounted by a platform. The Colonel at once pointed out the position in the corner, where he knew from experience that the cylinder commemorative of the undertaking was likely to be found; after half an hour's labour in removing the bricks a small chamber was discovered, and, at the Colonel's command, the head workman put in his hand and brought forth an inscribed cylinder—the Colonel thereby earning for himself a reputation as a magician, which, by this time, has probably been spread over half the tribes of the desert. At the other exposed corner a duplicate cylinder was found. The building, which is contained in the Birs-Nemroud is discovered to have been composed of a series of several (probably seven) square stories, each one smaller than the one beneath it, each story forming a temple dedicated to one of the planets, and coloured externally with the colours appropriated to the seven planets by the Chaldean sages. The translation of the inscribed cylinder, according to Col. Rawlinson, begins with the style and title of King Nebuchadnezzar; then it enumerates the various buildings of Babylon which he had erected or repaired; and then records that the Temple of the Planets or the Seven Spheres, which had been built by an early king 500 years before, having been injured by the wet penetrating into its walls of sun-dried brick, the God Merodach had put it into his heart to restore it; the platform, being uninjured, had not needed repair, but all the superstructure had been restored by his command.

Mr. Loftus, who is making excavations on behalf of the Assyrian Excavation Fund, writes from Mosul that he has struck upon another of the palaces of ancient Nineveh, 20 feet below the level of any previously discovered. High up among the rubbish are beautiful fragments from the north and latest palace, which was supposed to contain the perfection of Assyrian sculpture; but they bear no comparison, says Mr. Loftus, with those which he has just disengaged. The figures are in high relief, and have less of conventionality than usual; the designs are full of vigour and spirit, the execution admirable, and the minuteness of the details almost requires the aid of a microscope to appreciate them.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

We give cordial welcome to every additional move indicating the advance of Anglo-Italian Architecture; and the *Builder* (Vol. XII. p. 571), presents us with a pleasing subject for remark in a woodcut representing the *Offices of Messrs. Capel and Co., Throgmorton-street*, from designs by Mr. J. J. Cole, Architect. Mr. Cole will not understand us as finding any fault with his elevation, because we take it that he has done the best that was to be done with the arrangement that was required of him, and with his limits for operation. He has presented Throgmorton-street with, to say the least of it, a very pleasing elevation, in which the Barry influence is successfully submitted to, and in the basement of which there is a propriety of management, not deficient in originality. The corresponding squares of the two larger openings (the one a large entrance-way, and the other a window), and the uniform outline of the three oblong openings (the central a doorway, and the others windows), illustrate that regard for regularity which should ever, as much as possible, be considered. Had there been more frontage-space, the architect would, doubtless, have given more space between the end windows and the ends of the building; but within his present limits this could not be done, since the fenestrations could not be proprieitly have been in the least more close than it is. It occurs to us, however,

that the mouldings of the rail of the balusters to the balconies of the second-floor windows might with advantage have been carried across the piers between them, as it would have corrected the somewhat vertical excess of the union formed by these windows and those of the first floor beneath. Let our readers just pencil the addition we suggest, and we think they will admit that a very trifling provision may greatly add to the value of an important whole. The editor of the *Builder* justly eulogises the "little piece of design" apparent in a contrivance to light two rooms and form a back entrance, of which a separate illustration is given.

An elevation and plan of the *New Houses and Schools at Fulham*, by Messrs. F. and H. Francis, architects, are engraved in the same volume of the *Builder*, p. 583; and, looking at the mere geometrical presentation of the façade, in ignorance of what may be the effect of its return portions in perspective, we must admit it to evince taste and feeling. The pinnacles, however, at the angles of the tower are too meagre for their altitude, and especially for the broad bulk of the feature from which they rise; and the gables in the centre of the two return fronts, shown in profile as rising above the ridge of the main roof, are certainly injurious to the general composition. With the diamond cross line work on the surface of the walls we have no sympathy. It seems merely to argue a restless aversion to simplicity and repose. But there is much pleasing form and proportion in the front, *per se*; and buttresses are judiciously placed against the backs of the chimneys, where there is a superior height of masonry over walls weakened by flues.

In the *Builder*, Vol. XII., pp. 607 and 602, we have specimens of Old English, and of New French Gothic. The first is an engraving of the *York Chapter House*. If it were a new design, we should presume to say that the pinnacles want elevation, that the windows finish too close to the cornice, and that the omission of the circumscribing dripstones over their arches is to be lamented. Neither do we like the form and surface decoration of the masonry over the flying buttresses, the little monkey riders on the saddles of which should be assailed by pebbles, if pea-shooters should prove inefficient for their destruction. The French specimen is a mere bit; but it is a *moreceau* of much beauty; only we wish the raking mouldings of the canopy had been carried lower. It is one of the doorways of the new *Church of St. Clotilde at Paris*. The moulded work and decorations seem to exhibit true feeling; and the transom-piece and cinque-foil light above admirably employ the space which were otherwise unnecessary to the doorway, and would leave it with a too great proportional height.

Our readers may have observed with what "persis-
tence constancy" we have ever advocated the Italian style of design as far preferable to the Greek and Gothic for buildings in general; and we have much pleasure in quoting the following from some remarks by "J. F." in the *Builder*—
"The Italian shows itself capable of combining the elegance of the Classic with the picturesqueness of the Gothic, and, when freely used, does seem capable of progress, which the other two are not. Every year the public are becoming more knowing in Gothic forms and details, and more critically fastidious in insisting on absolute fidelity, both as to detail and ornament; and no deviation from the one chosen style can be tolerated. Every year this will be more and more felt as the public become better instructed; and if we are content to let it remain where our forefathers left it in the middle ages: we can add nothing to it. The Italian, on the other hand, never was a style, properly so called. We could hardly copy it if we tried; but it occupies the neutral ground between the Classic on the one hand, and the Gothic on the other, presenting every shade of combination, from the Early Renaissance to the *pseudo*-Classic of the present day, and consequently admitting of the beauties of either style being culled and again worked up together into any shapes we please. In this style, therefore, progress is possible; and if the national taste were fairly to settle down to elaborate beauty out of this style, its Classic and its Gothic elements would soon disappear in new combination, and we might at last have a style of our own, more beautiful, as it certainly would be more appropriate, than either."

The *Builder*, Vol. XII., p. 643, gives us a perspective representation of Mr. Tarring's *Design for the Government Offices*, in and near Downing-street, and which contemplates the removal of the buildings between the Horse Guards and Great George-street, Westminster, as far as Charles-street, and the block of houses between King and Parliament streets: the site of Dover-house to form a public entrance into St. James's-park. The existing building, first erected by Soane, and since altered by Sir C. Barry, would form one wing of the façade towards Whitehall. To this would be added a large and lofty centre; and a corresponding wing would stretch northward, making frontages towards Whitehall and the park of about 700 feet; the return fronts being 400 feet long, and of exactly correspondent character with the others, though something subservient. The entire structure would comprise three courts, the leading new features of the design being the grand and lofty archways

which would appear in the centres of the various ranges, viz., the two main longitudinal ones, and the four minor transverse ranges, east and west.

With the exception of the six grand archways, there is little invention as regards the architectural advancement of the design; nor do we say that much invention can be brought into play, or that it is required. The extension of Barry's existing portion is of course imperative; and the addition of the lofty centre blocks, in character precisely accordant, is all that is essential. But we think these crowning cubes might be rendered a little corrective of the excess of horizontality, by making six out of the eight engaged columns break a little forward, so as to warrant the upward termination of each block with a *pediment*, the roof-ridge being of course shown as extending from the outer front apex to that over the inner front. We shall be disappointed if Mr. Tarring do not acknowledge that this would be, not only practicable, but improving.

To the amount of sameness which would still remain, we see no objection. It would exhibit nothing more or less than a befitting unity in a vast pile of assimilating offices, admitting of no very peculiar or supreme compartment. The entire structure would look its use and purpose, as a great compound of board-rooms and offices for managers and clerks,—a multitudinous assemblage of units in uniform, regimentially continuous and compact, forming one vast quadrangular presentment, including three hollow squares, and exhibiting that abstract beauty of ornate regularity which is the charm of military parade.

And here, by the way, is suggested the question, whether this triple-fathered child (owning the joint paternities of Soane, Barry, and Tarring) would not form a formidable rival to the Houses of Parliament? Without a tittle of the invention, and without any of the great distinct features of the Westminster Palace, we suspect the Government offices, as shown in the *Builder's* engraving (with the improvements suggested), would strikingly exemplify the superiority of Greco-Roman design for a building of this character, i.e., for one of several storeys in extended horizontal continuity. To say the least of it, there is no general effect which the Roman elevation would not have in common with the Gothic; while, in respect to many *particulars*, there would be graces of an effect and quality not attainable in the Tudor front. For instance, we hold the three-quarter engaged Corinthian columns, with their projecting cubes of entablature, their balustrades or attics, and the ornate framework of the intervening windows, to be more telling in pictorial richness and perspective effect, than the buttresses, parapets, and fenestration of the Tudor façade can possibly be. We do not speak of pseudo-architecture and of bits of entablature projecting over engaged columns as good, critically speaking; but, as a mere mode of *ornamentation*, it is unquestionably so richly scenic, and it has even been so favoured by the greatest architects, that the severe law of extreme propriety must occasionally yield to the charm of "effect defective." In such case, columnar exhibition is rather a symbol of the "pomp and circumstance" of monarchical state than of artified constructive expression. And, after all, the buttresses of the Houses of Parliament are just as gratuitous, constructively speaking, as the engaged columns of the proposed Government offices. Buttresses originated in the necessity of resisting the lateral pressure of groined vaults or roofs without tie-beams. They are wholly unnecessary to parallel walls that are held together by the ties of the iron or wood beam floors they support. There is just as much of the sham and pseudo in Barry's Westminster Palace, as in Inigo Jones's Whitehall; and, in very truth, many a Tudor Gothic front, which pretends to be especially national and politically orthodox, is nothing more than a Roman elevation Gothicised. This is a fact too little borne in mind by gentlemen who rave about "the old English gentleman," and the monuments of "England in the olden time." They forget that the architecture of the period was no better than a transitional mongrel, occasioned by a nascent taste for Italian design, still controlled by an inherent though decaying regard for the architecture of the later Henries. But the fallacies connected with all this are now beginning to be apparent; and we hope Mr. Tarring's proposed design will assist in hastening their exposure.

A retrospect of the progress of architectural taste, since we commenced these articles three years back, is decidedly favourable to our hopes in the increased catholicity of the professional mind, and in a something augmented feeling (though yet of a very vague character) for architecture in the public. We do not observe, it is true, the establishment of anything like a decided principle of universal concurrence, saving only in respect to our Churches; and, even here, there is much exceptive example. The decision, however, in favour of the Gothic for ecclesiastical design is sufficiently emphatic; and in this there is nothing to regret except a too servile adherence to the old "forms, modes, and shew" of the mediæval Roman Catholic model. In respect to the architecture of our other public and private edifices, it may be said that all parts of the world have been sending in their respective claims to notice, with models as candidates for occasional or general adoption; and that our architects have been most busy in multifarious expe-

rience. EXPERIMENT, indeed, has been the general order of the day; and it is only to be hoped that, in the *mélée* of all this struggle and trial, the elements of what may solidify into judgment and definite purpose have been secretly working. In one respect, the difference between the present time and that of some twenty-five years back is prodigious. We allude to the operations of the press in respect to architectural publication, controversy, and criticism. Until of late (whatever may have been our own feelings on the subject), we should have hesitated to apply so large a portion of our own pages to architecture, from the fear that the results of our earnest industry and severe thought would have passed by our readers "as the idle wind which they regard not;" but we have now the pleasure of a confident knowledge that our architectural matter is interesting to many, and that the *intent* at least of our labours is being fully appreciated as co-operative with those of the *Builder*, the *Architect and Engineer's Journal*, the *Edinburgh Building Chronicle*, and of the great quarterly reviews. The lectures of our architectural professors have been of a far more comprehensive character than formerly; and the publications of our architectural societies have been greatly beneficial. The too marked importance formerly given to antiquarianism and archaeology is also, now, being most happily corrected; and the ever-living spirit of progressive invention—the very vitality of design—is now resuming its productive activity. Antiquaries still exist, who read nothing in a fine old cathedral but the dates indicated by its details, and who carry nothing away save impressions of old brasses; but they now form the least important portion of the numbers who are architecturally influenced, and whose observation of the old monument is generative of rival emulation.

We have had, during our foregone reports and criticisms, frequently to speak of the judgment, taste, and inventive skill of many a modern architect—of numerous examples in which the *Art* has converted the *Building* into "a thing of beauty" and expressive eloquence; and we look forward to the pleasure of renewing our eulogies on the still more successful results of independent power, working with a modest acquiescence and reverential trust in the merits, and still more especially in the principles, of ancient and mediæval design.

With respect to certain writers whose efforts are more distinguished by fanciful eloquence than sober judgment, and who rather seek revolution than reformation, we would say that, although there be "sermons in stones," that is no reason for flinging them; simply because retaliative anger is the only opposite of assailing arrogance; and because the triumph of either party may still leave the truth unpropitiated.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Pathological and Surgical Observations. By HENRY LEE, F.R.C.S., Assistant-Surgeon to King's College Hospital, &c., &c.—This volume is a collection of essays and contributions on various subjects, which have issued from the author's pen or lips during the last few years; and a most valuable collection it is. Mr. Lee is well known as a rising surgeon and physiologist, and, if we mistake not, this volume will be well appreciated by the profession. Our best operative surgeons have not always been men capable of inductive reasoning and abstract habits of thought. Mr. Lee unites both of these important requisites of a good surgeon. He travels over much of the ground traversed by John Hunter, repeats his experiments, and occasionally catches the great man tripping. Most of the subjects in this volume have a bearing upon the pathology of the blood; as, for instance, inflammation of the veins, fibrinous deposits, the infection of animal poisons, and the mode in which these agents enter the blood and taint the constitution, or are rendered harmless by a suppurative, ulcerative process in the infected part, or in the glands to which they have been transmitted by the absorbent vessels. On some of these points Mr. Lee holds perfectly original opinions, which, in their practical bearing at least, must engage, as they are already engaging, the attention of the profession. In the general dearth of valuable medical books at the present season, we hail the appearance of a work containing much laborious research and much sober reasoning on some of the most interesting points connected with the introduction and development of local and constitutional disease.

The *Lettoman Lectures on Insanity*, delivered by Dr. Forbes Winslow, before the Medical Society of London, have recently been published in an 8vo. volume. These lectures present in an elegant form the substance of the author's views and experience on the various important points connected with insanity. The style is at once condensed and popular.

The *Life and Works of John Hunter*, by Mr. Fletcher, of Liverpool, (being the introductory lecture delivered at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary School of Medicine,) is not only an eloquent composition, but it supplies many facts in the history of this great man, which appeared to have escaped

the notice of the various authors of the "Hunterian Oration" delivered annually at the Royal College of Surgeons. It also ventures to dissect the faults of Hunter, with a minuteness worthy of a demonstrator of anatomy—a task which has never been so much as attempted at the College which contains the immortal monuments of his unparalleled industry.

II. EPIDEMICS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

"The coldness of the weather," says the Registrar-General, "has severely affected the public health." The deaths have been unusually numerous, 275 over and above the estimated average having occurred in the metropolitan districts during the week ending Jan. 20. Children and very aged persons have been the chief sufferers. The portion of the population between forty and sixty years of age have suffered the least from the rigour of winter. The excess of mortality appears to have been chiefly due to diseases of the respiratory organs, produced by exposure to cold. This naturally suggests a few observations on cold as a cause of disease and death.

It is remarkable that among the preventable causes of mortality, exposure to cold, which takes the highest rank, has scarcely been alluded to by writers on sanitary improvement; and yet, while atmospheric and other impurities slay their thousands, cold destroys its ten thousands. We have formerly alluded to this subject, and shown that the average returns of deaths from bronchitis, pneumonia, and other diseases, almost invariably arising from exposure to cold, very far exceed the deaths from diseases of zymotic origin. This is probably due chiefly to two causes—the extreme variableness of our climate, and the habits of life resulting therefrom. In all countries where the meteoric changes are regular, and the rainy, hot, and cold seasons arrive in regular succession, and occupy each a limited and stated period, the inhabitants, foreseeing these changes, prepare for them, and so arrange their costume, their habitations, and their occupations, that, under ordinary circumstances, they can hardly be said to suffer from the cold; but in an island like our own, subject to perpetual changes and a proverbial uncertainty in the weather, it is impossible thus to provide for what we cannot foresee. Still we might prepare at least for uncertainty; and this, as a nation, we never do.

We divide the year into four nominal seasons, which have no real existence; and we arrange our fires, and our dress, and our engagements, just as if the cold weather occupied three months of the year, leaving every other month temperate or warm. Now it happens that we have at least fifty seasons every year; and it is not unusual for the severe frosts of winter, the balmy temperature of spring, and the heat of summer, all to be crowded in succession into a single month, if not into a single week. Consequently, winter often overtakes us in the light and airy garments we always assume in June, because we call June a summer month; and even January, which we prepare to meet with an array of woollen and furs, often smiles at our folly with genial rays, which remind us of approaching summer. Now, the simple way of preparing for these unlooked-for variations, which, though called unseasonable, are perfectly natural and constant in their occurrence, is to keep our winter and summer garments always at hand, the fuel in our stoves at all times laid ready for lighting, and our blankets not only "aired," but handy. In fact, we should dress not according to the season, but according to the day; and our guide should be, not our sensations, which are often deceptive, but the state of the thermometer. And those who are accustomed to suffer from "taking cold" would do well so to arrange their dress as to be ready for at least four or five different degrees of temperature. Some persons dress the same all the year round; others have one change, which is commenced on one particular day for the six following months, whatever variations may occur in either half of the year. If such persons have nerves, these practices must be inflicting upon them much unnecessary torture both from cold and heat. Another folly of which the English are guilty, as a nation, is this:—In very cold weather they kindle fires in every room in the house except where it is most wanted, the bedrooms. They fancy they require a fire to keep them warm when they are warmly clad; but they recklessly throw off their clothes in a cold room, and often, consequently, remain cold half the night. In the morning the same folly is repeated. A cold room is chosen for the exposure of the half-naked person during the half-hour devoted to the toilet, and when they are fully dressed, a blazing fire is thought necessary for the breakfast-room. More than three-fourths of the catarrhs which distress or destroy our countrymen and women are taken in the bedroom or dressing-room. But even this would be a less frequent occurrence were it not for the neglect of the cold bath, which nearly all healthy persons, who have convenience for this luxury, should take every morning of the year on rising from their bed. This, if begun in childhood, would generally fortify the system from the effects of accidental exposure to cold. The poor and destitute—that class on whom nearly all the causes of disease press most heavily at all seasons—suffer more in this respect from penury than from folly. When all our brave sufferers in the Crimea have been consigned to the narrow house where the weary are at rest, and

when the Patriotic Fund has ceased to urge upon us its paramount claims, there will remain for our sympathy a large class of sufferers, mostly very old or very young, whom a few blankets and a supply of warm clothing might save from severe disease or untimely death.

III. MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT, &c.

The whole periodical press, as well as the medical portion of it, is full of complaints concerning the treatment of the medical staff, military and naval, in the Crimea. Their valour on the field of battle, their fortitude and perseverance under unexampled difficulties, their humanity and devotion to the sick and wounded, their patience and constancy under unmerited rebuke and unrequited services, are now familiarly known by the public, and will not, we trust, be forgotten in the coming inquiry of Parliament into the causes of the horrible disasters which have nearly destroyed our army—disasters which have been gravely and, as we think, indiscreetly charged by Lord Raglan to the neglect of the medical officers. They, on the other hand, virtually throw the blame upon the general management of those in command, by simply stating that they are provided with no medicines for the sick; that their surgical apparatus is not to be found when required for the wounded—being either deficient in supply, or, like everything else in the Crimea, sent to the wrong place; that they have no means of transport for the disabled or dying; no regular body of attendants or nurses for their patients—in short, everything is so arranged, or rather, so destitute of arrangement, as to render their best services inefficient, and to frustrate their most zealous efforts to assuage the miseries around them on every hand. That this defence is valid may be safely inferred from the fact that previous complaints of this kind, addressed to the authorities by the medical staff, appear, as far as the evidence goes, to be the only ground for this petulant charge of "apathy and want of interest" proceeding from Lord Raglan, the very terms of which prove that no definite or substantial complaint could be laid against the gentlemen so severely rebuked. The publication of the fact that medical stores were not at hand, though plentifully provided—this, we believe, was the grand offence; and we are the more inclined to think so, because not only the medical stores, but everything else which was useful for this over-taxed and ill-used army, has been wanting—food, clothing, shelter, roads, waggon, horses, ammunition, water—indeed, it would be difficult to name one single convenience, appliance, or comfort, which, even if lavishly provided, has been actually placed within the reach of the perishing thousands. Every British heart bleeds at the recital; and, if Lord Raglan thinks to hide his own "apathy and want of interest" under shelter of this ungenerous and undefined charge upon those who have done their best to redeem his errors and avert their consequences, he will find the sympathies of the country ranged in full force against him. Medical men are thought but little of, generally, except when we require their aid; but let all the facts connected with this awful tragedy once come in an authentic form before the scrutiny of the public gaze, and we venture to predict that speedily a day of glory and honour will dawn upon the prospects of the profession.

The wretched mismanagement at the *Royal Free Hospital*, to which we alluded some time back, has terminated, as we anticipated, in its becoming comparatively useless to the poor, in consequence of the want of public support. In a long and expensive advertisement in the *Times*, it is now authoritatively confessed, that, "although an overwhelming number of destitute sick persons have sought refuge" at the Hospital during the late inclement weather, yet, "from want of funds alone, the medical officers have been compelled to refuse them admission into the wards." It is further confessed that the hospital "has three large wards unoccupied." In the name of humanity, then, why does not the committee at once resign the affairs of the hospital into the hands of men in whom the public have confidence? The sufferings of the poor, when properly laid before the public, are always willingly met by public benevolence. These three empty wards would soon be filled if the Governors could only take the management into their own hands, and elect men of character and business to conduct the details. It is not yet too late to rectify by-gone errors, and calmly review the disastrous results. Let a meeting of the Governors be called at a *convenient hour* (not in the very heat of City business), and no one can doubt the result. At present the money, which ought to be bestowed on the sick poor, is spent in lugubrious, wailing advertisements, confessing, not the sins of the Committee, but the sufferings of the innocent, in consequence of those sins. Is there no generous, strong-minded, clear-headed Governor, who will step forward to rebuke the evil spirit which hovers over this house of mercy? We are persuaded that philanthropy could scarcely be better employed.

Bright Prospects for Medical youngsters in India.—From the treatment received by medical officers under Government, we turn with pleasure to the contrast exhibited by the Hon. East India Company. Commissions are henceforward to be awarded to medical aspirants according to their comparative merits, as ascertained by rigid examination, instead of interest, as at former periods. The inducements are so attractive

that, if the examinations are conducted fairly (which we hope and believe will be the case), the Honourable Company bids fair to monopolise all the highest and most promising talent of the young medical world. The assistant-surgeon will have about 400*l.* per annum to begin with, and on his promotion to the office of surgeon, his pay will amount to 600*l.* per annum, with a retiring pension, after seventeen years' service in India, varying from 200*l.* to 700*l.* per annum, according to his length of service. For the first time, then, here is a prospect for the British medical student, of an income for life, in reward for public services—a prospect having no drawback but the dangers of the climate of India; in addition to which, it is perhaps necessary to add, he will ever be treated as a gentleman, not as a drudge. Indeed, among the chief attractions of this service are the social privileges which gather around it in due time, not unmingled with prospects of private emolument.

Mr. Churchill has just published a beautiful print—a likeness of Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh. Most of the medical practitioners of this country will be curious to become acquainted with the features of "The Star of the North;" and those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance will be delighted to be possessed of such a fac-simile of the man.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S SECOND EXHIBITION.

PRINCE ALBERT paid a visit to this exhibition on Thursday; and on Friday the members of the society and their friends were invited to a private view.

It will be at once admitted that this is the best exhibition of photography we have yet had. The progress of the art, though slow, is sure and steady; and we see many difficulties, that were once thought almost insurmountable, yielding to the care and increased knowledge of the operator. We are not one whit afraid that, even in its ultimate success, photography will ever interfere with the artist, any further than to stimulate him to a more truthful appreciation of nature. We know that the small fry of miniature-painters have been nearly swept away by the Daguerreotype and the photograph; but that is simply because their art was so bad. Richmond and Thornton, and Watts and Hayter, draw as many heads, year by year, as ever they did; and, although we can admit that a good photograph is better than a bad picture, we must also allow that there is, and ever must be, an immeasurable distance—a broad gulf that can never be crossed—between the best photograph and the work of a fine painter.

An artist of great repute was by our side as we looked at one of Mr. Llewellyn's photographs, appropriately called "Summer Evening." "This is like Turner," said the artist, "the effect is as like many of his drawings as possible;" and, in truth, it is a most poetical little bit—certainly the nearest approach that we saw to a fine work of art. Mr. Llewellyn has many other subjects nearly as good; he seems to delight in the picturesque, and chooses his subjects with an artist's eye. His instantaneous views are more wonderful than beautiful; but who does not look with interest on the ripple of the sea, the surf beating on the shore, and the cloud banks in the heaven—all pictured by this magic art, with a truth no mortal hand could ever imitate.

Perhaps the most successful exhibitor—certainly the most prolific—is the honorary secretary of the society, Mr. Roger Fenton. The fruits of his tour in Yorkshire are for the most part exquisite. The "Valley of the Wharfe" is, on the whole, the best landscape with distance that we are acquainted with, and shows how far the collodion process may be carried. The advocates of paper negatives have always claimed a preference for their process in distant views; but this picture has certainly never been equalled. Mr. Fenton seems to have been very fortunate in the weather and the time of year during his stay at Rivaulx Abbey. The large picture of the Abbey, taken from the north end, is a singular and, at the same time, very beautiful example of what may be accomplished with the sun nearly in front of the camera. Several little road-side and cottage bits near Rivaulx are charming compositions and excellent photographs.

Mr. Lake Price, the well-known artist, has contributed four pictures, which demand some attention. They are large, and, at first sight, very imposing. One of them—"The Baron's Welcome," is very like a drawing by Cattermole. The figures clothed in armour are ranged "dramatically" round a table, and there are plenty of ancient tapestry, old weapons, and quaint jugs, to help to make up the picture; but it will hardly bear examination. The attendants are more like stuffed figures than real men, and there is not an expression to be found in any one of the faces. This is precisely an illustration of our remark, that a good photograph is immeasurably distant from a fine work of art. Mr. Lake Price's "Retour de Chasse" is his best photograph, because it is his least ambitious. The dead game and the gold and silver plate are well grouped, and the effect is much more pleasing than in his semi-theatrical subjects. We hear that Mr. Price is almost a novice in photography. If so, we must compliment him on his ready pro-

iciency in the art; but we cannot refrain from asking him to light his pictures from the side more than from the direct top.

Mr. B. Turner's six well-chosen and well-photographed pictures show this gentleman's excellence both as an artist and a manipulator. There are no other *Talbotypes* in the room to equal his. We like the size and style of his pictures; they are bold and vigorous, yet not wanting in detail.

Mr. Philip Delamotte, the photographer to the Crystal Palace, exhibits his two large views of the interior of that immense structure. The picture of the completed palace is, perhaps, the grandest work of photography yet accomplished in England. It is wonderful to see with what precision the details of every part are given. One recognises the faces of the policemen, and can tell the geraniums from the nasturtiums; and yet, at the same time, one sees the whole height and nearly the whole length of the building. Some of the views in the Alhambra and Renaissance Courts as beautiful as we could wish for. Mr. Delamotte has likewise been on a visit to the Yorkshire Abbeys, and has brought home some charming views. He, as well as Mr. Cundall, who was with him, seems to have devoted his attention especially to the buildings; and we have, consequently, a series of pictures of Fountain's Abbey, Rivaulx, Kirkstall, and Bolton, which are highly interesting. Mr. Delamotte's Fountains Hall, Echo Rock, and Interior of Choir at Rivaulx, are his best productions. Mr. Cundall's are his Interiors of the Choir and Chapter-house and the Exterior of the Refectory at Fountains' and his Interior of Rivaulx. There are likewise some views of Hastings by Mr. Cundall that are very good. Mr. Bedford also exhibits many views from Yorkshire—bright, sparkling bits most of them—which we are only sorry to find so small. Mr. Bedford seems to be a most careful manipulator. We scarcely discover a flaw or a fault in any of his pictures; and he is equally successful in his views from nature and his copies of pictures and still life.

Mr. Thurston Thompson has been commissioned by H. R. H. Prince Albert to copy the pen-and-ink sketches of Raffaelle in the Royal possession. The specimens exhibited show how well qualified Mr. Thompson is for the task he has undertaken. No one but a photographer would understand the great difficulty of copying these drawings the size of the originals. The photographs are perfect, the lines are clear to the very edge of the paper, and the very best possible result has been attained by Mr. Thompson's skill. By what other process could such perfection have been arrived at? We understand that his Royal Highness intends to present a copy of each sketch to the various public libraries, in the hope of inducing other proprietors of valuable drawings to follow his example. The Rev. Mr. Kingsley's microscopic views of insects are excellently photographed, and will, no doubt, be attractive to naturalists. Mr. Taylor's country pictures are extremely well chosen, and are both bright and effective. Several photographs by Mr. Sherlock are worth especial commendation—witness the "Boy peeling a Turnip," the "Girl's Head" of an unusually large size, and "Still Life." The Count de Montizon exhibits several framed full of portraits of the birds and beasts in the Zoological Gardens. These are very valuable, and must have cost the Count much trouble. Mr. Robertson contributes some of his well-known views of Constantinople. Mr. Hugh Owen some charming studies of trees, and a few pictures from Spain which hardly increase his reputation. Bissou frères send a few excellent pictures, views of Paris; Mr. Russell Sedgfield, many capital bits of cathedrals and country architecture; and Mr. George Barker, several good groups and full length figures from life. In portraits, Mr. Hennah, as usual, bears the palm; but we see no great progress in this branch. Mr. Kilburn, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Williams, each contributes a stand of daguerreotype-stereoscopic pictures, all of them, to our mind, though very wonderful, very much resembling Madame Tussaud's exhibition.

Christ bearing the Cross. From the Altar-piece in Magdalene College, Oxford. London: Hering and Remington.

This very beautiful engraving, representing the single figure of Christ emerging, under the weight of the "accursed tree," from the City gates, may be ranked among the very few which, from the expression given to the countenance, in any measure fulfil our conceptions of divinity. Of the picture's history, beyond its present *locale*, we are not informed. Conscious of his power, the artist has had the courage to present his subject in its simple yet majestic truth, unaided by accessories, and undisguised by elaboration. Its one fault is a deficiency of muscular exertion in the hands, which touch rather than grasp the weight they sustain.

Hardly less to be commended than the artist who produces such pictures is the engraver who has the good judgment and feeling to select them for the exercise of his art. To society, truly, he is the greater benefactor, as rendering attainable to it those treasures which, but for his skill, were beyond its reach. For fine effects of linear perspective and vigour of contrast, we consider this work little inferior to those of the old engravers. No collector should be without it.

FROM Herringot we have an interesting *Portrait of Samuel Rogers*, engraved by Lynch upon stone, from a daguerreotype taken evidently in the poet's declining years—a great boon to his many friends and admirers. It bears much of the characteristic thoughtfulness of its lamented original.

ENGRAVINGS OF THE WAR.

Colnaghi's Authentic Series. Part I.

ALTHOUGH included under this title we find several very interesting engravings from the seat of war, for the most part taken by officers on the spot, those in parts by William Simpson, at least, the most complete and convenient in form. The first number contains four subjects, namely: the rear of the English batteries; the cavalry affair on the heights of Balaklava; the gale of Balaklava; and Balaklava looking towards the sea. To each of the three former is appended a key, distinctly representing in outline the corresponding subject. Although, as we judge, a civilian, this artist's representations of the battlefield have an almost official character, owing to the military inspection to which, we learn, he had opportunities of submitting them. It appears—we derive our information from Mr. Simpson's interesting letters published with the opening part—that his work was much facilitated by the interest with which it inspired Lord Cardigan, of whose criticisms and suggestions he took advantage; hence, in a military view, its authenticity is secure—the naval portion being no less so, under the direction of Admiral Lyons and Captain Methven. Mr. Simpson says that, to ensure perfect correctness, Lord Cardigan even lent him his hussar jacket! The continuation of this valuable and highly-interesting work is to be anticipated with much interest. The subject of the hurricane before Balaklava is rich in pictorial effect. The struggling vessels, the lowering atmosphere, and the mist-enshrouded port, produce a picture worthy of Stanfield. Lieut. Montague O'Reilly contributes a large panoramic and descriptive view of the marine attack upon Sebastopol, in which each ship, with its commander and number of guns, is named, as well as the opposite batteries and ports. The subject admitting of but little artistic effect, it must be regarded in the light of pictorial map, and, as such, will be found alike instructive and interesting. The Battle of the Alma, by Lieut. Bredin, is worthy of attention, comprising the burning village of Bourliouk, a Russian redoubt, and the valley of Sebastopol peopled by the allied forces. As in reality, the neighbouring country is highly picturesque. Lieut. Thorold's Camp of the Light Division at Allah-Dyn, near Varna, imbedded in forest-clad hills, between which we get a glimpse of the river, forms a pleasing bird's-eye view of the spot. We like Captain Verschoyle's Sebastopol. It conveys a clear idea of the position of the city, and comprehends a vast extent of the surrounding country, the characteristic features of which it renders very discernible. Although last, not the less to be esteemed among the engravings under our notice, is Lieut. Montagu Buelch Dunn's representation of the Loss of the Tiger. There is much transparency about the water, and something very touching in the gallant ship about to extinguish its flames in the deep. *Colnaghi's Authentic Series* will hereafter form a valuable memento of the events of the day. None who are interested in the war should fail to possess them, their small cost rendering them generally attainable.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Mr. Ruskin calls the Houses of Parliament "the most effeminate and effectless heap of stones ever raised by man."—Some months since Government despatched Mr. Nicklin, photographic artist, with two Sappers and Miners as assistants, with a valuable set of apparatus for the purpose of taking views of the fortifications about Sebastopol. The whole perished with the Rip Van Winkle, which foundered in the late hurricane off Balaklava.—The Scottish papers state that some intention exists of placing a statue of Mr. Wilson, the well-known singer, in one of the niches of the Scott monument, partly because of his skill in illustrating the Waverley characters, partly because, ere he took up music, Mr. Wilson, then in a printing-office, was among the few who held the secret of the "Great Unknown."—4500 persons during the past month availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the examples and casts supplied by the Government at a reduced price to the Exeter School of Art; no less than 72 have already joined the artizans' class, a number unprecedented at the commencement of any one of the 48 schools established in this country. The other classes are also well attended, and there can be little doubt that the school will be entirely successful.—On Friday evening last, Mr. A. W. Haweck delivered a lecture upon Barry's Paintings at the Adelphi, before the Conversational Society at Kingston-upon-Thames. The lecture was well received by a very attentive audience, who, after the lecturer had concluded his remarks, proceeded to the investigation of a large collection of Barry's own engravings of the pictures at the Adelphi, which served as illustrations to the lecture, and the presence of which helped to impart great interest to the lecturer's description of Barry's fine performance.—One of the most extraordinary specimens of the art

of polychromic or coloured lithography which we have yet seen (says the *Times*), has just been published by Messrs. Colnaghi from the gigantic work of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. It is the only representation of that vast conception, described by Fuseli as the complete cycle of Hebrew and of Christian traditions, in which we find a faithful reproduction of the colour and tone, as well as of the design of the stupendous original. The print has been executed by Winckelmann of Berlin, under the direction of Mr. Lewis Grüner, of London, and more than forty stones are employed in the impression of the colours. It is sold at a low price, the cost of the work having been liberally defrayed by Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle, who announces his intention of giving the proceeds of the sale to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

Mr. Clark Mills, the American sculptor, who erected the bronze equestrian statue of Jackson, contracted to supply a duplicate to the city of New Orleans for about 6000. The other day his studio and model were destroyed by fire, and the Government have prohibited his taking a cast of the original.—An American has invented a process by which glass is made to perfectly resemble and answer all the purposes of marble, at 50 per cent. less cost. Centre tables, mosaic floors, grave slabs, monuments, and even statuary as per mould, are the alleged fruits of this process. "The quarries of Carrara," says the *New York Churchman*, "can yield no more delicately-veined blocks; the sand that lies in the hill-side, the open field, or out on the beach yonder, touched by the inventive genius of our age, becomes marble."—The Academy of the Beaux-Arts have appointed M. A. Thomas its president, and M. H. Lemaire its vice-president.—The King of the Belgians has knighted Carl Hübner, a painter who lately gained honours.—The whole Academy of Vienna are employed in illustrating a Prayer-book as a present to the Empress of Austria. The *Deutsche Kunstabblatt* speaks of it as creditable to the art of the present century.—M. Delaroche has the following works in progress:—"Mary Stuart receiving the Sacrament before her Execution"; "Napoleon on the Rock of St. Helena," a very large picture; "Good Friday," a small picture, representing the Virgin and the holy women preparing to leave their house to follow Christ to Calvary; "A Companion Picture," the return to their house.—The German-Art papers speak highly of a grand historical picture by Herr Feuerbach, of Karlsruhe. The subject is the Death of Arctino, the satirist, a famous poet of the sixteenth century, who died at a drunken feast. He is represented crowned with ivy, and the cup is dropping from his freezing hand.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE events of the musical world at this time of the year are generally few and far between; but the opening of Covent-garden with the attraction of Jullien and his unrivalled band has amply filled up the gaps. Jullien has again been successful, as he usually is, and, we may add, as he deserves to be. No one cates with more judgment for the public; and his selections, combined with the excellence of the performance, are thus a sure passport to favour. Amidst a great variety of music of a lighter cast, music of a higher character is interspersed, and several nights have been specially devoted to the works of some great writer—Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn. So that while the many may enjoy their quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, the lovers of classical music find their wants and wishes attended to; thus Jullien wins his way. Among the attractions we may mention Mlle. Plevel and Ernst, as instrumentalists; while Mlle. Thillot and Mise Dolby have thrown over the concerts the charm of variety by their vocal performances.

At St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday, the 17th, Mr. Hullah produced a new oratorio by a lady composer, Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, one who has been already before the public with some charming songs and ballads. Her ambition has achieved an oratorio; we wish we could add that the oratorio had achieved success. It is a singular fact that in the department of the Fine Arts the fair sex have been found wanting; and more especially has this been the case with musical composition. As performers, as vocalists, they have held their ground with the male sex; but the faculty of composition seems not to be theirs. The subject is one for curious inquiry, which our space will not now permit us to enter upon. The general character of the music of this oratorio is "prettiness"; it does not go beyond, nor indeed does it always attain this point; but that is its range. Some of the choruses are good, particularly the opening ones; the airs, however, are the more prominent part, and are really often well accompanied; but the want of power to deal with the *matériel* of an orchestra is evident, as is also the want of connection. It is a patch-work prettily put together, and as a whole is creditable, coming as it does from a feminine *répertoire*. It was followed by Beethoven's *Mound of Olives*. The entire performance was good, and great credit is due to the principal singers—Mrs. Endersohn, Messrs. Allen and Weiss,

the Misses Bleadon, Huddart, and Palmer doing justice to the parts allotted to them.

On Friday evening, the 19th inst., the Sacred Harmonic Society performed Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabaeus*. The subject, of a warlike character, has no doubt been the cause of its special selection at the present time by this and other societies. The score on this occasion was embellished with additional accompaniments by Vincent Novello—a process to which we are entirely opposed. Even if power is added, there is a corresponding loss in clearness of outline and delicacy. Conceive "Shakspeare" with additions, or "Paradise Lost" touched up. We shudder at the thought. Why, then, profane Handel, and mar his simple grandeur by iteration. We are quite aware of the cant that the instruments were not known in his time, and that Handel would probably have made such additions himself. The answer is plain. We go to hear Handel, not Handel and Co. The vocalists on the occasion were Mlle. Radersdorff, Miss Messent, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss. We are no great admirers of the modern German school of singing; at the same time we are willing to record that Mlle. Radersdorff's attempt upon Handel was creditable. Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss acquitted themselves of their several tasks as able musicians. The choruses were well executed; in short, the whole performance was excellent.

Among the musical events, we have much pleasure in noticing a very good lecture on the pianoforte, delivered by Mr. Charles Salaman, at the Marylebone Institution, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th: it was the second on the subject. Mr. Salaman gave a history of the instrument, tracing it from the harpsichord, and ascribing the invention to Bartolomeo Cristofali. He exhibited the various mechanical improvements that had taken place, embellishing his discourse with anecdotes amusing and instructive, and interspersing some musical illustrations selected from the works of Sebastian and Philip Emmanuel Bach, Haydn, Clementi, Steibelt, Weber, and Mendelssohn.

A performance of Wallace's opera, *Maritana*, took place on Tuesday evening, 23rd inst., by the members of the London Operatic Society, for the benefit of Mrs. Pyne Galton, a sister of the popular vocalist Miss Pyne. The principal parts were, however, chiefly sustained by professionals—Mrs. Galton, Miss Julia Bleaden, and Mr. Donald King, taking the parts respectively of *Maritana*, *Lazarillo*, and *Don Cesar de Bazan*. An amateur, Mr. Edmund Rosenthal, with a fine baritone voice, displayed considerable powers as a vocalist, and was not deficient in acting. The band and chorus, though small, were highly effective.

Having thus chronicled the past, we may venture a few remarks on the future. The Philharmonic Society has lost their conductor Mr. Costa. The New Philharmonic having secured Berlioz rests content, commencing its operations early in the ensuing month.

The Harmonic Union has removed from Exeter Hall to the Hanover-square Rooms, some difference having arisen between the management and Mr. Benedict, the conductor, upon which he retired. The conductorship was then offered to Mr. Sterndale Bennett, who for some reason or other declined. Mr. Mollique then accepted the office. Mr. Benedict has, however, organised an opposition at Exeter Hall. So that, as there are rival Sacred Harmonic Societies, there are now rival Harmonic Unions. Verily, discord seems generally to rule over the region of Harmony.

NEW MUSIC.

The Lone Rock: Sacred Song. By JANE SMITH. Words by the Rev. T. V. FOSBERRY, A.M. London: Jewell and Letchford.

A PLEASING composition, well in unison with the pious and poetic sentiment to which it is attached; but not entirely original, the first four bars of the *leggiero* movement following note for note the well-known Troubadour. With this exception Miss Smith's song is very creditable; and we hesitate not to introduce it to our musical friends.

A Set of Songs. Words selected. Music by ED. F. FITZWILLIAM. London: D'Almaine and Co.

THE vocalist will discover in this publication a complete treasury—a store of musical wealth worthy of many hours' careful study. Mr. Fitzwilliam has done himself the justice to select poetry rather than mere verses for his songs, among which "The Armada," and "Ivy," a Huguenot song, to Macaulay's words, are truly stirring; indeed, all bear the stamp of high musical genius. The part contains twelve pieces.

New National Duet—France and England. Words by W. H. BELLAMY. Music by J. H. POLLARD. London: Addison and Hollier.

This is another addition to the many musical compositions on the all-engrossing subject—the War—and, we may also state, not the least effective. The burden of the song turns of course upon the alliance between the two countries. The music is written with solo parts and chorus, and displays considerable vigour of thought in the adaptation. The sentiments are bold and energetic, and the music corresponds in every

way, keeping to the broad style, which alone would be suitable on such an occasion, and consequently avoiding intricacy or involved in the working up. This duet is admirably adapted for festive occasions, and will no doubt become a favourite with the public.

The Lass a Soldier Marries: a Ballad; the proceeds to be presented to the Patriotic Fund. London: Wm. Goodwin.

This is a republication of an old song, and owes its appearance to the sentiments it contains. It was written by the late Dr. Arnold, the words being generally attributed to Colman. It is a charming composition, and expresses a homely but natural feeling, the music being an echo to the sentiment. It is a graceful yet simple ballad, flowing melodiously on, with just sufficient variety in the modulation to give a zest to its simplicity. We hope the intentions of the publisher may be realised, and that *The Lass a Soldier Marries* may, by its popularity, add its mite to carry out the noble objects of the Patriotic Fund.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT is about to reappear at the Haymarket Theatre.—A bequest of 200*l.* has recently been made to the Society of Female Musicians by the late Miss Lydia Leete.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble it is announced will, on Monday, February 5th, read Shakspeare's play of "Midsummer Night's Dream," accompanied by the whole of Mendelssohn's music, with a powerful orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

M. Berlioz's oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," is announced for performance in Brussels. Its next performance in Paris was to take place on the 28th ult.—Vivier, the great horn player, Roger, the tenor, and Joachim the violinist, are at present at Hanover, where they lately performed before the Court. A duo between Roger and Vivier is said to have produced so powerful an impression that the Court was suspended for some time.—The receipts of the theatres, balls, singing cafés, and curiosities of Paris, in the month of December last, were 1,225,750*l.* which were 114,987*l.* more than in November. The total receipts of the year were 12,409,061*l.*—Herr Rellstab, the Prussian critic, has addressed to the *Gazette Musicale* a New Year's summary of the music which has been performed at Berlin during the winter. The revival of Signor Rossini's "Tauretti" is described by him as being thoroughly successful.—M. Eggis, a German, a writer in a theatrical journal, was expelled from Paris last week with unexampled haste. He had been for some time a *cher ami* of an actress at the Français, who had formerly a *liaison* with "his betters." An intimation had got abroad that certain letters of hers in his possession were likely to be published. The police made a descent upon the house, seized his papers, and ordered him to leave Paris in a few hours.—Rosati has been winning showers of bouquets by her acting in a new part at the Grand Opera in Paris.—M. Scribe's new drama, "The Czarine," was produced last week at the Theatre Français; the Emperor and Empress were present, and the title of the piece having at this moment a particular meaning and interest, the house was much crowded. During the performance every word that could be twisted into even the remotest allusion to present circumstances, or to the character of the Emperor Nicholas, was seized on by the public with avidity. It is true that these occasions were comparatively few, as the Emperor Napoleon is said not to be disposed to encourage or admire the undignified warfare carried on by squibs and theatrical hits. The principal characters in the drama are Peter I. and the Empress Catherine. The latter is played by Rachel, and is, consequently, the great attraction; but the piece itself, though well received, is not likely to be classed among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the author. The plot is entirely imaginative, but the brutal ferocity of Peter is brought out with much of Scribe's ancient dramatic skill, and this in the only feature which possesses the least historic *vraisemblance*.

LITERARY NEWS.

MESSRS. LONGMAN and Co. have announced "The Works of Arago," translated by Admiral Smyth, Colonel Sabine, Professor Baden Powell, and Mr. Robert Grant. They include an autobiography by the author up to the time of his being elected Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and Humboldt has contributed a general preface.—Mr. James Gibson, late of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, has announced a work on the war to be called, "Memoirs of the Brave; a Brief Account of the Battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann; and a List of the Wounded."—There has recently been found at the shop of a pork-butcher a considerable portion of a very fine copy of the first edition of Aristotle's works, printed by Aldus, at Venice, in 1497.—To the many catalogues of printed books already in the British Museum, another has just been added, namely, one of a collection of 20,000 pamphlets presented to the Museum by George III., of which no separate catalogue accessible to the public

has hitherto existed. The nucleus of this collection was made in the reign of Charles I., and during the Commonwealth, and was known as the Thomason collection. It was much increased in subsequent reigns, until it swelled to its present size, and was finally handed over to the nation.—The decision of the great literary prizes for the Burnett treatises—one of 1800*l.* and another of 600*l.*—to the authors of the two best treatises on "The Being and Attributes of God," has just been announced. The successful competitors were found to be—for the first prize, the Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson, A.M., Louth, Lincolnshire; and for the second, the Rev. John Tulloch, manse of Kettina, Cupar-Angus, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, Scotland. There were 208 treatises lodged. The judges were Professors Baden Powell, Henry Rodgers, and Mr. Isaac Taylor. They were unanimous in their judgment. The sealed envelopes were opened in the Town Hall, Aberdeen, by Mr. John Webster, Advocate, in the presence of the other trustees and a large assemblage of the principal citizens.—The library of the late learned and respected President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died lately in his 100th year, is about to come to Durham. By a deed of gift, made two years ago, it is conveyed to the Warden, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Durham. The library is said to comprehend nearly 20,000 volumes.—Mr. Theodore Parker, of New York, has been arrested on a charge of "constructive treason," founded on an expression in one of his public speeches on the Slave Bill. The trial will involve some points of special interest.—The Earl of Carlisle delivered his long-promised lecture in St. George's Hall, Bradford, last week, on behalf of the Early Closing Association; the subject being "The Poetry of Gray."—We read in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton having handsomely placed in the hands of the Senatus Academicus the power of determining the ablest treatise out of all the maturated students of the College of Edinburgh, it is understood that the decision will be given forth in the course of a few weeks.—The Bishop of Lincoln delivered, on Thursday, 18th inst., the fourth of a series of lectures to the working classes upon the evidences of Christianity.—Sir John Franklin, whose fate now seems to be definitely settled, was born in 1786, entered the British navy as a midshipman on board the *Polyphemus*, and served at the battle of Copenhagen. His voyages have been too numerous here to be mentioned. Literature is indebted to him for three works, the titles of which we give. "Journey to the Copper Mine River," 2 vols. 8vo.; "A Second Journey to the same locality, 4to.; "Voyages to the Polar Seas," 4 vols. 18mo.—The Court of Directors of the East India Company have appointed, as a temporary measure, the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., LLD., Professor of History and Political Economy at Haileybury College.—The examiners of candidates for the East India College, reappointed to that office for the ensuing term by the Board of Control, are the Rev. Canon Dale, M.A., the Rev. Canon Stone, M.A., and the Rev. Canon Eden, M.A.—Another year, says the *Illustrated London News*, reminds us of the veterans in literature, art, and the stage, still in the body among us. Our oldest poet is, of course, Mr. Rogers, now in his 90th year. Our oldest historian is Mr. Hallam, now in his 74th year. Our oldest critic is Mr. William Croker, now in his 75th year. Our oldest novelist is Lady Morgan—but we shall conceal her ladyship's age. Our oldest topographer is Mr. Britton, who, if we remember rightly, in his 83rd year. Our oldest topographer in point of publication is the historian of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, whose first work was a quarto, published before 1799. We refer to Sir Henry Ellis, still the active principal librarian of the British Museum. Mr. Leigh Hunt was a poet, with a printed volume of his effusions in verse, and his own portrait before it, more than half a century ago, and is now in good health, in his 71st year. Our oldest artist is Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, the father of the Royal Academy. Our oldest actor (now that Charles Kemble has gone), is Mr. T. P. Cooke, who was, when we saw him the other day, ready to dance a hornpipe with all his wonted English vigour and sailor-like skill.—John Mitchell has withdrawn from the *Editorship of the Citizen*. He confesses that he has been grievously disappointed in the temper of the American people—finding them much less disposed than he had imagined to encourage the free expression of opinion upon all subjects.—Mr. Carleton has written to the Dublin papers an explanation of his lines lately quoted. It runs thus:—"I regret to find that the lines I sent to your paper have either been misunderstood or wilfully misinterpreted. I beg to state at once that they were not meant as an appeal to my country for public assistance. I don't stand in need of it. When I was involved in a life long struggle with embarrassments and difficulties that it is almost distraction to think of, I made no appeal to my country. Let it not be supposed, then, that I do so now, or that I am anxious to court public sympathy. When I stood in need of public sympathy, I neither sought it nor found it. The neglect, however, which I experienced, and what I suffered, I will never either forget or forgive. The stamp of it will be erased from heart by nothing but death itself. It is better that I should say so while I am able to say so—if it were only for the sake of others who, at

a future day, may tread in my footsteps, and experience the same neglect. I regret, too, that the English press has misunderstood me—for I perceive that their observations upon my verses generally conclude with announcing the fact, that I am in possession of a pension of 200*l.* a year. I may thank God, the indefatigable exertions of a few friends, and the bounty of a British Government, that I am so; for if it were otherwise, this letter might probably be dated from a public establishment that I do not wish to mention at full length. The allusion to my country was made in the bitter recollection of those ceaseless and friendless struggles which I was forced to undergo for so many years before my pension was granted. During that long period I found myself without a country. I write this only because I don't wish to lie under a misconception; and as for the verses themselves, as I wrote them under a gush at once of sorrowful and bitter feeling, so I am of opinion that neither their spirit nor execution should be ungenerously criticised.—I am, &c., W. CARLETON."—M. de Saint Amant, the well-known chess-player, who was governor of the palace of the Tuilleries after the revolution of 1848, and who recently published a very interesting work, entitled *Voyage en Californie et dans l'Oregon*, has just been unanimously admitted, in consequence of that work, member of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

The ancient custom of presenting a needle and thread to every resident member of Queen's College, Oxford, on New Year's Day, is still observed; for on the 1st the bursar, as usual, presented to each member in the dining-hall a needle and thread, addressing them as follows:—"Take this and be thrifty; begin the new year with industry."—In compliance with numerous representations made to the Board of Control, it has been decided to admit candidates to the examination for the Indian Civil Service who shall be above 18 and under 23 (instead of 22) years of age. This announcement will be received with much satisfaction by numerous persons who, having been led to believe themselves eligible by the terms of the report, found themselves excluded by the rules as first prepared by the board.—The accounts of the Crystal Palace Company have been published. The earnings of the company during the twenty-nine weeks from the opening to the end of the year, in shilling admissions, season tickets, rental of space, and other sources, has been 113,586*l.*; the working expenditure has been 27,990*l.* The Directors have recommended a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the shares, after payment of which there will be a balance nearly equal in amount to the sum received for season-tickets. The waterworks will be completed and in full play in the summer.—Among forthcoming sales of literary interest are: "The small, but select library of a gentleman," which contains a good collection of Pryme's Pamphlets, in forty-two volumes; various Shaksperiana; Howel's *Londinopolis*; a first edition of *Paradise Lost*; and a first edition of Milton's "Readie and Easie Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth," with manuscript corrections—"supposed to be in the poet's autograph," adds the catalogue:—and a "Collection of autograph letters and other curiosities of literature, the property of a well-known collector," which contains, among other MSS. of Sir Walter Scott, the original MS. of *Kenilworth*; many autograph letters and poems in the handwriting of Burns, including the "Cotter's Saturday Night"; books with the autographs of Pope, Johnson, Cowper, Burns, and Boswell; drawings by English artists, including the original drawing by Stothard, for Chantrey's *Sleeping Children*; autograph letters of Akenside, Shenstone, Charles the Second, Lord Clarendon, and others; MSS. by Oldys; some prints and books, from Strawberry Hill and the library of the late Mr. Southey; together with a collection of original papers connected with the theatres of London, from 1630 to 1745.—The *Huddersfield Chronicle* tells a story of clairvoyance. On Thursday, the 14th of December last, Sarah Ann Lumb, aged fifteen, the daughter of a farmer at Marsden, left her home about eight o'clock in the evening, the weather being very boisterous, and having gone about three hundred yards with a school-fellow, she turned back, and is supposed to have accidentally walked into the river Colne. Her skirt was found in the river on the 15th ult., and her shawl on the following Tuesday. Advertisements were published offering a reward for the recovery of the body, and inquiries were made at Huddersfield, Dewsbury, and Wakefield, but without success. However, yesterday se'might, her uncle received a letter stating that Captain Hudson was mesmerising persons in Huddersfield, and last Wednesday he proceeded to the mesmerist's lodgings. The Captain, on being asked, mesmerised a female, residing at Mold-green, named Challand, a dressmaker, and on being asked if she knew what the two gentlemen had come about, she replied, "Yes, about the young woman who was drowned at Marsden." She was then asked if she knew the shawl there on a chair. She said, "Yes, it is the shawl that young woman had on her head when she was drowned." She also identified the dress-skirt, which was very much torn, and was told to see where the missing woman was. The mesmerised person appeared to be asleep for about five minutes, and then gave a description of the progress of the body down the river, and ended by saying that

the body was covered with mud, except her feet, within a hundred yards of the second bridge in Mirfield, where horses go over." In consequence of this statement, the witness went to Mirfield last Thursday, and commenced dragging the river Calder, where, after three or four throws, the girl's body was found in the mud about twenty yards above the bridge, and her feet did not appear to have been buried.—Mrs. Bracebridge, of Scutari, writing for Miss Nightingale, says that the first freight of books has arrived at the hospital, and been distributed among the inmates, to their great satisfaction. She adds that one in three is capable of reading, and the others listen.—Lanterns are at length to be supplied to the troops in the Crimea. Mr. Bibbs, of Bakewell, Derbyshire, inventor of "The People's Light," has been favoured with an order from the Board of Ordnance for an immediate supply of a large number of his Globe Lanterns for use in the Crimea. These lanterns appear admirably adapted for the purpose. Once filled, the oil is so secured that it cannot be accidentally spilled, and the lanterns will either stand or hang. The ventilators are so arranged as to maintain a brilliant steady light for twelve to fourteen hours without trimming, the flame being inclosed in an immensely thick clear glass globe, which, though perfectly firm on the lantern body while in use, can be instantly taken off at pleasure; the whole forming a neat, compact, portable, weather-proof light. From the simple construction of the capillary wick-tube, the oil is drawn completely out of the body of the lantern, and the wick requires renewing only once a week, and mismanagement is almost impossible. Indeed, the simplicity and neat appearance of the whole thing is commendable, and the invention appears well adapted not only for sea and land travelling, but for ordinary domestic purposes. Why were these lanterns not sent out sooner?

The *Boston Atlas* proclaims the fact that America is represented in Spain by a Frenchman, in Portugal by an Irishman, in Italy by an Italian, at the Hague by a German Jew, and at Naples by a Scot.—A proposal is entertained by the Minister for Public Instruction in France for adding a Museum of Ethnography to the department of "Charts and Geographical Collections."—Workmen are now employed at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris in making preparations for accommodating a female hippopotamus, which has arrived at Cairo. It was taken in the White Nile, and being only a few months old, is still fed with milk.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

OLYMPIC.—*Tit for Tat*: a Comedy in two acts, adapted from the French by Mr. F. Talfourd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An adaptation from the French is often a double offence against morality; that is, dishonest extrinsically and immoral intrinsically—the drug is first of all stolen, and afterwards is administered as a poison. Great and many as are the wounds which the fine old English morality has received at the hands of the French dramatist, none goes so to the root of the social tree, none saps so utterly the foundations of the great edifice of society, as the ridicule aimed at the institution of matrimony. Take ten average French comedies, and you will find that nine of them make the husband ridiculous; and, unfortunately, the same proportion holds good with the adaptations into English.

With this protest against the morality of French adaptations (and I see no reason why *Tit for Tat* should be excepted from the general rule), I cheerfully concur in the common verdict, and admit that Mr. Talfourd's adaptation of *Les Mariés me font toujours dire* rises far superior to the mere servile copies which are constantly appearing upon the English stage. So much of original is there in it, that we thoroughly agree with a friendly and most judicious critic, who regretted that Mr. Talfourd had not depended entirely upon himself, without borrowing anything from the French. Had he done so, he certainly would have escaped the only blemish with which the piece is chargeable; namely, that of subverting the English faith, that to keep his own honour and that of his wife intact is the highest earthly duty of a husband.

The plot of *Tit for Tat* is excessively simple, and bears a very close family resemblance to that upon which *Serves Him Right* (produced some time back at the Lyceum) was founded. Two husbands, bankers both, one named Frankland, and the other Sowerberry. (Messrs. Emery and Robson), are blest with a young wife apiece (Miss. F. Maskell and Miss Bromley), and a saucy bachelor acquaintance, one Thornby (Mr. Wigan). The last named gentleman professes a profound contempt for all husbands; and, as he is quite a lady-killer himself (versed in all the mysteries of music, drawing, and embroidery), his attentions to the ladies powerfully excite the jealousy of Mr. Sowerberry, who only becomes reconciled to him when he consents to become a Benedick himself by marrying Mr. Frankland's pretty niece, Rose (Miss Ellen Turner). In the second act, Sowerberry has his revenge, and, by succeeding in making Thornby as jealous and as ridiculous as the latter had averred it to be necessary that a husband should be, really proves the original proposition that a husband is, after all, the most absurd animal under the

sun. How cleverly this is done; with what infinite jest and humour Thornby proves his position mathematically; and how cannily he makes a concealed husband pass from behind a curtain into a closet (the exact counterpart of the trick being played upon himself in turn); how the jealousy of Thornby is excited by the introduction of Easy Boiter (Mr. Clifton), a sporting swell from London—it boots me not here to tell. The audience roars from the beginning to the end, even more at the wit and smartness of the dialogue than at the comicality of the positions—which is sometimes excessive. The way in which the piece is acted could scarcely be meuded. Mr. Wigan's Thornby is light and gentlemanly in the first act, and perfectly natural in the second, when, casting off the patent-leather boots of the lover, he dons the highhows of the husband, and prefers a day's fishing to a *tête-à-tête* with his wife. Robson, as Sowerberry, was as humorously cantankerous, and as funnily diabolical, as it is in his nature to be; whilst Emery, as the benevolent easy-tempered old banker, was as perfect as possible, both in acting and make up. The three ladies were pretty little nothings in the play, and they acted their parts admirably. The piece is a decided success, and has already effected a most important change in the Olympic audiences.

The St. James's Theatre has closed for the season, after an unsuccessful attempt to gain the popular ear. The experiment of putting upon the stage an adaptation of the *Alecto* of Euripides, from the pen of Mr. H. Spicer, was highly creditable, but could scarcely be successful in a commercial point of view; nor was the revival of *The Miller and his Men* (Sir H. Bishop himself leading the orchestra) more satisfactory to the management. It is rumoured that the theatre will shortly reopen, still under the management of Mrs. Seymour, with a less expensive company and a more unpretending style of entertainment.

On Monday evening, Miss Cushman appeared at the Haymarket, playing Romeo to Miss Swanborough's Juliet. Apart from the physiological oddity of seeing a lady attempt to impersonate Shakspere's incarnation of masculine love, the performance does not appear to have attracted much attention. Miss Swanborough's Juliet was pleasingly bread-and-butterish.

The theatrical world has supported a sensation, and many individual opinions a reverse, by Mr. Charles Kean's triumph in *Louis the Eleventh*. Some account of this will be found elsewhere, from the pen of a gentleman who has enjoyed that from which I am debarred—the pleasure of seeing it. JACQUES.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—*Louis the Eleventh* is not merely a great theatrical success—it is a great histrioic triumph. Mr. Charles Kean has proved, even to the confession of his enemies, that he is something more than an accomplished artist—that he is a genius. Nothing like his impersonation of *Louis the Eleventh* has been witnessed in recent times. It is second only, if indeed it be second, to the most masterly efforts of the elder Kean. The son has shown himself to be as great as the father, and has silenced for ever the carping criticism that pronounced him to be master of melodrama, but nothing more. Here we see him forming an entirely original conception of character, the like of which there is not in the whole range of the drama, and embodying that conception with a power and truth that has won from successive audiences the acknowledgment that a great actor was before them, and has wrung even from adverse critics the admission that, as a work of high art, the stage has produced nothing like it for many a year. The changes of mood from the passionate king to the weak old man—from the murderer to the devotee—from cruelty to cowardice—the expression of mortal fear when the dagger was upon his breast; and, above all, the last scene—when a spasm has taken the form of death, but he recovers only to die again—are marvels of the actor's art which will never be forgotten by those who have witnessed them. The play, translated from the French, is extremely interesting, and is got up with Mr. Kean's wonted attention to costumes and scenic effects. Let no person who enjoys dramatic art omit an opportunity to see Mr. C. Kean as *Louis the Eleventh*.

ALBION HALL, KINGSLAND.—A grand annual concert was given at this popular suburban temple of the Muses on Monday evening last, in aid of the funds of the Kingsland and Dalston Literary Institution. A number of talented artists, including Miss Lizzy Stuart, Miss Grace Alleyne, Miss Payne, and Miss Esther Jacobs, assisted by Mr. Crawford (from the Polytechnic), Mr. G. Genge, and Mr. J. Arrowsmith, F.R.A., contributed their services. Miss Ada Thompson presided at the grand piano, and Mr. V. Collins performed upon the violin. The entertainment appeared to give the greatest satisfaction to a numerous and respectable audience, and Miss Jacobs's admirable rendering of "Minnie" was warmly encored, to which she judiciously responded by singing "Partant pour la Syrie." At a subsequent period of the evening she sang the comic ballad of "Say yes, Pussy," with great applause. The comic and dramatic powers of this talented young artiste point her out as a valuable burlesque and vaudeville actress, in which capacity we shall be glad to greet her.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER OF COLERIDGE'S.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—A letter of Coleridge's having fallen in my way, I send you a copy, as many of your readers will probably feel interested in its perusal; for though of little intrinsic value, there can hardly be a scrap from the pen of such a man which one would not rather read than not read. It bears no date, but the postmark is 1799. Mr. Chester lived at Stowey, where Coleridge became acquainted with him, when residing there. In Hazlitt's charming paper, "My First Acquaintance with Poets," he mentions John Chester, as a companion of Coleridge and himself on a pedestrian trip along the south coast of the Bristol Channel. Mr. Chester was a man of plain good sense, without any literary pretensions; and in defect of such accomplishments, Hazlitt deals with him in a somewhat uncomplimentary style. It is not very likely, however, that, unless he had some sterling qualities, he would have won from Coleridge the cordial regard so evident in this letter. His latter years were passed at Redruth, in Cornwall, where he died. I am indebted to the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Reginald Trylls, of Chacewater, for a sight of the original letter, and the copy of it, which I inclose.

I am, Sir, Yours &c.

Fairfield, Redruth, Jan. 22. THOS. GARLAND.

(COPY.)

"My dear Chester,—For that which has happened I can offer you no comfort which your own faith and good sense have not already given you, except my sympathy. That you have, my dear fellow! most sincerely, and from a full heart.

"Mrs. Coleridge tells me that you talk of coming to London at Christmas. You will find me at No. 21, Buckingham-street, in the Strand. We are all well, and I am almost overcharged with business. I work a pretty deal harder than at Göttingen, but I am getting money. I pray you on the receipt of this send me off that chest which contains the works of Lessing,—indeed you had better send both chests—and put into the open one all my sermon books that did not come from Germany, as well as those that did,—and send me both trunks *immediately*, for they are my bones and my muscles, my flesh and my blood. If I see you in London we can there arrange what books you may wish to have. I shall pay the money we borrowed from Carlyle this week. To Stowey I shall return at the latter end of March, if I can get a house there or in its neighbourhood. If I cannot, God only knows where I shall live, for to all other places I have numerous objections and few

prospects.

"Direct my cheats 'Mr. Coleridge, 21, Buckingham-street, the Strand, London,'—and put in Anderson's Poets to fill up the vacancies, if there be room for them,—if not, straw will do. I shall write to Poole to-morrow; but I pray you get a carpenter, and lose no time in sending off the chests, for they are my bread and cheese, my beef and my beer.

"God love you, my dear fellow! I am, affectionately, Your Friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

BADDELEY'S TWELFTH-CAKE.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—Observing that the "Twelfth-cake question" has been attracting some attention in your columns, and that fair *figurante* of Drury Lane Theatre has addressed a remonstrance to you, in which a special grievance is made of the non-participation of the ballet in Baddeley's legacy, allow me to supply a few facts in connection with this subject, which I believe are not so well known as they deserve to be. In his will, bearing date April 23rd, 1793, Baddeley bequeaths "to his faithful friend and companion, Mrs. Catherine Strickland, generally called and known by the name of Mrs. Baddeley, his life's interest in his house in New Store-street, and in his freehold messuages, garden, &c. After her decease, the above estates, with certain moneys to arise from the insurance of an annuity, to go to the society established for the relief of indigent persons belonging to Drury Lane Theatre. The house and premises at Mousley to be used as an asylum for decayed actors and actresses; and when the net produce of the property amounts to 360*l.* per annum, pensions are to be allowed. Especial care to be taken to have the words 'Baddeley's Asylum' in the front of the house. His executors to publish every year his letter as it appeared in the 'General Advertiser,' April 20th, 1790, respecting his disagreement with his unhappy wife, to prevent the world looking upon his memory in the villainous point of view as set forth in certain books, pamphlets, &c. One hundred pounds Three per Cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities, which produce three pounds per annum, is left to purchase a twelfth-cake, with wine and punch, which the ladies and gentlemen of Drury Lane Theatre are requested to partake of every Twelfth-night, in the great green-room." Such is the tenor of the comedian's bequest: now for the result of it. The cottage left by Baddeley, at Mousley Hurst, was called "Grove Cottage," but the bequest was void by mortmain; and, the testator having died within a year and a day after the gift to

a public charity, the estate reverted to the Crown. Thomas Brand, Esq., one of Baddeley's executors, was obliged to give it up, and the Crown, with its usual alacrity on these occasions, took possession of it. A petition was afterwards presented to the Government by Mr. B. Williams, an attorney, to the effect that the Government should give it to the fund established for the benefit of poor actors by Garrick, which was granted, and the same was put up to auction, and purchased by Field Savory, Esq., the uncle of the present Mr. Savory, of Bond Street. Mr. Savory disposed of it to a Mrs. Palmer, of Mousley, in whose possession it now is; and the amount the cottage was originally sold for was carried to the Garrick Fund for the benefit of poor actors. Regarding the cake and wine, it should be understood that, the bequest not being adequate to the claims of the dramatic community, the late Alderman Birch, of Cornhill, added a corresponding gift in the presentation of an additional cake, viands, punch, &c., so that all the ladies and gentlemen of the theatre might partake; but at his death this benefaction ceased. From this brief statement the fair figure will see that, unless the lessor of Drury Lane possessed himself of a cake sharing the wondrous properties of the inexhaustible bottle, it would be utterly impossible to divide it equally amongst the two hundred persons that—I quote the bill—are nightly on the stage, unless, indeed, the bequest was swallowed on the homoeopathic system, in infinitesimal globules. As it is proverbially impossible to eat the cake and to have it too—a fact equally capable of demonstration with the circumstance that, as the birch has not been spared, we have been compelled to spoil the child—I shall only hope, for the benefit of the ballet, that some good ally will yet come to the assistance of Baddeley, and close this second illustration of the *Cake-o'-thees scribendi*, with a trusting belief that a more effective "set" may speedily be brought on the stage with the "wings" and "flies" of Time, the original

SCENE-SHIFTER.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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OBITUARY.

CLAS, Captain, at Berne, the real establisher of gymnastics, not only in France and Switzerland, but in Englynd, having been professor at most of the large public establishments of this country. He has left to the city of Berne several considerable sums for public purposes, under the condition that his skeleton should be exhibited in the Cabinet of Natural History of Berne, as a palpable confirmation of the beneficial effects of gymnastics (turnkunst) on the human body.

Crichton, Andrew, LL.D., at Edinburgh. As an author and member of the periodical press, Dr. Crichton had long been before the public. In this place we can merely enumerate his "Lives of Converts from Infidelity"; "Translation of Koch's History of Revolutions," published in the *Cabinet Library*—his "History of Arabia," published in the *Cabinet Library*—his "Lives of Blackadder, and of Colonel Gardiner"; his edition of the "Life of John Knox"—his "History of Scandinavia"—as examples of his literary labours. Before his death, Dr. Crichton was engaged upon, and had nearly finished, a work on Russia, now passing through the press. He was long an office-bearer in the Church of Scotland, and sat repeatedly in the General Assembly.

ECKERMAN, Dr., at Weimar, the well-known friend and amanuensis of Goethe.

FOGELBERG, Prof., a Swedish sculptor, best known by his last statue of Charles XIV., at Trieste.

GUERIN, M., French painter of some celebrity—one of whose pictures, "The Curse of Cain," has been thought worthy of a place in the Luxembourg Gallery.

HAUENSCHILD, the German poet, known by the pseudonym of Max Waldern, recently in Silesia.

MALATH, Count, the Hungarian historian, and his daughter, who were residing at Munich for some time, were drowned in the Starnberg Lake. Both corpses were tied together with a shawl, and the circumstance, coupled with the contents of the papers found in the pockets of the father, justifies the supposition that their death was the result of a double suicide.

NORTH, Mr., in America, author of "Anti-Coningsby," and a contributor to our periodical literature, by his own act. Mr. North went to America three or four years ago.

PHILLIMORE, Joseph, Esq., D.C.L., aged 78, the Regius Professor of Civil Law in Oxford University, and Chancellor of the Diocese, on Thursday week, at his country residence, Shiplake-house, Oxford.

SCOURNEY, Mr. Charles, husband of the poetess, suddenly of apoplexy.

WARNEFORD, Dr., the munificent patron of educational and other charities.

MERLE, M., at Paris, the foreign editor of *Galignani* and Paris Correspondent of the *Globe*.

WING, Mr. William, aged 27, Secretary of the Entomological Society. Mr. Wing was an artist and lithographer of those objects of natural history which engrossed his attention.

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THE use of the subjoined Tabular View of the Months, Weeks, and Days, for the Year 1855, will be at once apparent; for instance, the 12th of January falls on a Friday; hence the table not only presents in the vertical line under that head the date of every Friday in that and the succeeding months; but also, at one glance, in other columns, the figures corresponding with every day throughout the year.

1855.	Sunday.							Monday.							Tuesday.							Wednesday.							Thursday.							Friday.							Saturday.						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19

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